

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JUNE 10, 1957

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**GOLFER'S
SPECIAL**

PREVIEW: THE U.S. OPEN

THE AGE OF VARDON BY HERBERT WARREN WIND



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Rubber**

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

THIS FAMILIAR PHRASE, "Eddie Arcaro up," says in horse racing what "And batting third, Ruth," once said in baseball, or "In this corner, Dempsey," said in boxing.

In next week's issue *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* begins the first of a five-part series by Arcaro on *The Art of Race Riding*. The millions who go to the tracks each year would have no trouble in accumulating a five-foot shelf of written advice on how to bet their money when they get there—and, chances are would be no better off than when they started. But up to now they would have a hard time finding a single work which explains clearly what they are seeing as they watch the horses run. In his series Arcaro analyzes the actual mechanics of riding a horse race, mechanics which are so intricate and highly developed that the only right word for them is "art."

On the project Arcaro collaborated with our turf editor Whitney Tower and Artist Robert Riger. The idea for it began more



EDITOR TOWER, RIDER ARCARO, ARTIST RIGER

than a year ago when Riger went to Hialeah to do a portrait of Arcaro on Nashua (*SI*, Feb. 27, 1966). Riger wrote to Tower: "Fans at the track look at their programs and charts, look at the horses, place a bet and then watch. They cheer in the stretch and pray at the finish. But how did the jockey ride his race? And how did he win on that horse? How does Arcaro win a race? Can we show how a great jockey does it? As simple as that. From beginning to end stay with Arcaro up close, in front, on the side, from the rear—show his every position, his entire style."

When he saw Tower's outline for the series, along with some preliminary sketches by Riger, Arcaro accepted the idea enthusiastically. "There's never been anything like this anywhere—wonderful," he said. "It really should help the spectator understand. And I was sure *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* would do this right."

Part I will be Arcaro's reflections and commentary on racing as a profession and sport from the perspective of his 25 years in it. The following four installments take up a theoretically typical race as Arcaro breaks it down—the Pre-Race, The Start, The Whip and The Finish—and take the form of drawings by Riger (more than 90) with captions by Arcaro, detailing his actions and reasons for them.

So for the next five weeks, with Eddie Arcaro up, it's off to the races!

Harry Phillips

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Acknowledgments on page 13

COVER: CARY MIDDLECOFF

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

Approximately 150 of the nation's foremost golfers will descend on Toledo next week for the express purpose of wresting the National Open golf crown from the head of defending champion Cary Middlecoff. For a PREVIEW of what they will encounter, see page 39.

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BASEBALL: GLOOM HERE—JOY THERE

With one quarter of the 1957 season in the books, it is time to check the personal contenders—and note a few surprises. By ROY TERRELL

SPECTACLE: THE QUEEN'S PLATE

Canada's ancient and elegant horse race in color by DAN WEINER, and THE FOOTLOOSE SPORTSMAN in Toronto by HORACE SUTTON

SAM WINS A DUEL IN THE SUN

A fiercely excellent old pro who had long scanned the laurels at last won the fastest, biggest "500" ever raced. By KENNETH RUDEMAN

PREVIEW: THE U.S. OPEN

An orientation to the year's premier golf tournament and the course on which it will be played. Plus "The Age of Vardon" by HERBERT WARREN WEND

THE WINNERS!

Sydney Wragge and Bill Atkinson take top honors in the annual American Sportsman Design Awards. Jo AHERN discusses their work

HOW YOU CAN PLAY BETTER TENNIS

Doris Cup Captain WILLIAM F. TALBERT, with the help of J. DONALD BUDGE and drawings by ED VEBELL, shows the way the game should be played

THE UPPER CRUST

If it's mountains you seek, says that distinguished climber and writer, JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN, America has some of the best of all

—THE DEPARTMENTS—

- | | | | |
|------------------------|----|--------------------|----|
| ● SCOREBOARD | 10 | ● WONDERFUL WORLD | 38 |
| ● BASEBALL X-RAY | 12 | ● SPORT IN ART | 66 |
| ● FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR | 13 | ● TIP FROM THE TOP | 72 |
| ● COMING EVENTS | 14 | ● HOTBOX | 82 |
| ● EVENTS & DISCOVERIES | 26 | ● THE 15TH HOLE | 84 |
| ● PAT ON THE BACK | | 88 | |

NEXT WEEK

EDDIE ARCARO ON THE ART OF RACE RIDING

One of the greatest athletes of our time collaborates with Editor Whitney Tower and Artist Robert Riger in a five-part series

PLUS: A CONGRESSMAN PRESENTS HIS PROGRAM: 'A SQUARE DEAL FOR SPORTS'



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BOB HANSON, jet test pilot, wears Jantzen "Regimental Stripes" boxers of smooth, resilient-Kayak. Sleek fabric is crease-resistant, and waistband is elasticized for snug fit. Sizes 28-44, \$4.95. See these and other Jantzen Sportswear for Sportsmen at leading stores.

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1913 JULES GOUX
75.93 m.p.h.



1920 GASTON CHEVROLET
88.62 m.p.h.



1921 TOMMY MILTON
89.42 m.p.h.



1922 JIMMY MURPHY
94.48 m.p.h.



1923 TOMMY MILTON
90.55 m.p.h.

Again at Indianapolis... for the 34th the "Race of Tires"



SAM HANKS, 1937 INDIANAPOLIS WINNER AT 135.601 m.p.h., SAYS:

"The pressure gets worse at Indianapolis every year, but I've got to admit that Firestone stays right on top of it. When you run at the speed I did, with the top cars pushing you all the time, you bless Firestone every foot of the way. And another thing, on the highway I have Firestones on my own car, because Firestone knows more about rubber than anybody else in the business."



1930 BILLY ARNOLD
100.44 m.p.h.



1931 LOUIS SCHNEIDER
96.62 m.p.h.



1932 FRED FRAME
104.14 m.p.h.



1933 LOUIS MEYER
104.16 m.p.h.



1934 WILD BILL CUMMINGS
104.86 m.p.h.



1935 ERNIE PELTRO
105.34 m.p.h.



1946 GEORGE ROBSON
114.8 m.p.h.



1947 MAURI ROSE
116.33 m.p.h.



1948 MAURI ROSE
119.812 m.p.h.



1949 BILL HOLLAND
121.227 m.p.h.



1950 JOHNNY PARSONS
124.002 m.p.h.



1951 LEE WALLARD
126.344 m.p.h.



1924 L. CORUM,
JOE ROYER
94.22 m.p.h.



1925 PETE DE PAOLO
101.13 m.p.h.



1926 FRANK LOCKHART
95.9 m.p.h.



1927 GEORGE TOWNERS
97.54 m.p.h.



1928 LOUIS MEYER
99.48 m.p.h.



1929 RAY KIRCH
97.34 m.p.h.

consecutive "500" is won on Firestones!

The blazing 500-mile grind around "The Brickyard" is the supreme test of tire engineering. No laboratory can reproduce its brutal demands on safety and endurance. No one has learned as much from Indianapolis as Firestone. And the proof is this: for 34 successive races the "500" has been won on Firestones!

When a race driver buys tires he is buying life itself. That's why he puts his money on Firestones. There's a hint in that for the driver of the family car. True, he doesn't give his tires race-track punishment—but he runs them far longer! With the family aboard, tire traction, freedom from skidding, and blow-out protection are even more vital. Why is Indianapolis important to you? Because that 500 miles equals 65,000 miles of ordinary tire wear! Under the fantastic pressures of the "500," our engineers have learned more about rubber compounding, tread design and cord strength than any laboratory research could reveal. The result: dollar for dollar, Firestone tires, like the new Firestone Nylon "500," are the longest lasting, smoothest running, safest tires on wheels! Your family deserves a set. You can buy them on convenient terms at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.



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1936 LOUIS MEYER
109.56 m.p.h.



1937 WILBUR SHAW
113.36 m.p.h.



1938 FLOYD ROBERTS
117.22 m.p.h.



1939 WILBUR SHAW
115.935 m.p.h.



1940 WILBUR SHAW
124.277 m.p.h.



*1941 MAURI ROSE,
FLOYD DAVIS
118.117 m.p.h.



1952 TROY RUTHMAN
128.922 m.p.h.



1953 BILL VUKOVICH
128.74 m.p.h.



1954 BILL VUKOVICH
130.892 m.p.h.



1955 BOB SWERKST
128.329 m.p.h.



1956 PAT FLAHERTY
128.49 m.p.h.

*NO RACES DURING
THE WAR YEARS



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SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Jumbo Jim Elliott easily maneuvered his tight little Villanova squad, got points from all but four, including double from Ron DeMay in 4:56.4 mile and 1:45.5 half-mile, surprise victories in 100 and 200 from converted Quarter-Miler Kid Collymore, to earn his first IC4A outdoor title in New York.

RECORD BREAKERS

Californians had good reason for euphoric groans in their eyes after big track workout centered off four U.S. records. Greatest achievement was turned in by U. of California's husky Don Bowden, who hauled from exam room at Berkeley to starting line at Stanford, and didn't stop until he completed astonishing 3:55.7 mile (June 1) to become first American to break 4 minutes (see page 22). At Campton, USC's astute Max Truax showed plenty of speed to go along with his durability while riving 15:55.7 for 3 miles, 11:45.2 for 5,000 meters (May 31) to better own pending marks. At Berkeley, schoolboy abso-lutely hopped and heaved to pair of scholastic standards. Pasadena's lean Clark Brunson sent 12-pound shot hurtling 64 feet 5½ inches, and Hoesel Carmel's husky Mike McKiver reached 16-pound ball 53 feet 4½ inches (June 1).

Hongkong's Gyong Tseung shared up record-breaking swirl in Budapest pool, came away with world mark of 1:58.4 for 100-meter butterfly (May 27).

American might have continued assault on world standards, been one billing to Olympic Middle Heavyweight Champion Artieko Verdine, who jacked 310.26 pounds at Lour to surpass own record (May 27).

TRACK & FIELD

Australian's New America, whirling assembly around Bayview Stadium oval, outkicked Bobby Beane, Lando Tolson and Tom Courtney, taking first crack at mile, in 4:45 at Campton, Calif. Men's best race: Mike Campbell's lifted world-record-tying 15.4 in 220-yard high hurdle, biggest shocker. Bobby Moore's rystish defeat by Willie White of Barber Junior College in 100 in 9.4 later (see).

GOLF

Ben Brand, playing like a man possessed when leader Doug Ford's brilliant game suddenly collapsed on final holes of 68th round, shot pressure 67 to boost total to plus 41 points (players gain or lose five points for each stroke in matching medal score against others). In tournament for victory is adding-machine Palm Beach Grand Hotel at New Rochelle. Lady golfers had similar tournament at Virginia Beach. Pat Tucker winning Triangle Round Robin with 61 points.

FOCUS ON THE DEED



MOUTH AGAPE. Willie White (left) strains for tape to upset Bobby Moore (third from right) in 9.4 100-yard dash at Campton, Calif.

BASEBALL

Philadelphia, off on winning binge at expense of West Coast-draughting New York Giants and Brooklyn Dodgers (who slipped all the way to fourth, behind Milwaukee) gave National League standings topography look, trailed slugging Cincinnati by mere two games at end of long Derivation Day weekend. Chicago White Sox kept go-going to take five-game swing over New York Yankees, who had no end of trouble with indolent Washington and Baltimore, giving American League surprising look, too (see page 16).

Yankee front office pondered famous Capone-like birthday party fringe of fortnight ago (50, May 27) in light of team's delirious since then (won 8, lost 16), slapped fines of \$1,000 each on outfielders Hank Bauer, Mickey Vernon, Pitcher Whisley Ford, Johnny Kasha, Catcher Yogi Berra, Infielder Billy Martin, birthday boy Surprised Manager Casey Stengel himself. "I don't care to comment. The club fined them. ... What I thought wouldn't make any difference."

BOXING

Harold Johnson, impressive Philadelphia light heavyweight, whose own-blossoming career was strided is led by doped strap, returned to TV with new manager and potent right, lowering boxer on Clarence Bessent in first round before reported 2:50 at IBC-rected 21. Nick's is New York.

Archie Moore, peripatetic light heavyweight champion who is boxing busy until someone events his demands for \$100,000 to defend title, checked in at slots (for him) 197 as he toyed with Bigman Heavyweight Champion Alvin Chevrolet long enough to work up sweat before knocking him out in sixth at Stuttgart.

SOCCER

Daly's Arsenals, who recently paid \$154,000 to England's Leeds United for John Charles, continued money-pinging raid on world's best soccer players, forking over record \$250,000 to Argentina's River Plate team for bumpy-haired Fernand Omar Sorsoli, 21-year-old right inside who also pocketed \$104,000 as his share of deal. In England, anxious soccer bosses made piddling bid to keep restless stars in line, raising maximum wages to \$47 weekly for winter, \$33 for summer, also agreed to pay extra for TV matches.



FEATHERS RUFFLED. Pajarito (Little Bird) Moreno hits the canvas as Jody Ford (see page 18), Centro peers through one open eye (see page 18).



Shirley Bloomer, 22-year-old British girl who is developing into real Wimbledon threat, showed down her game to outlast America's Dorothy Head Knodel along base line for 6-1, 6-1 victory and French title at Paris. Men's winner: Sweden's Sven Davidson, who defeated Herb Flam 6-3, 6-4, 6-4.



Harold Jack, 33, imper-turbable Scottish acrobat who earned his spurs fighting Japs bayonet to bayonet in World War II, held on brilliantly in face of determined playing of leather-faced USAF Master Sergeant Harold Rodgley to squeeze out 2 and 1 triumph in British Amateur at Forthby.

HORSE RACING

Galassi Max, resulted with impetuous Wife Shamash, had better luck this time, drawing out in final betting to win \$25,000 Plover Van Handicap at refurbished Belmont Park. Intended he may be hard to beat in upcoming Belmont Stakes.

Frank Beuker, Christopher T. "Theory" champagne, 4-year-old, got up tall head of steam under Angel Valenzuela's urging, stretch-drove to 4-length victory over Calumet's favored Bardolus in 10-stake \$25,000 Camden Handicap at Garden State.

Cash Hay Noble's Lucky Dip, backed down to 3 to 1 by a certain better, started badly but recovered easily and firmly in time to lead charge to win a \$31,500 Kent Stakes at Delaware Park.

AUTO RACING

Sam Hanks, 42-year-old indolent from Pacific Palisades, Calif., moved his yellow DeSoto Exhaust Special around Brookland at 135,600 m.p.h. average to win Indianapolis "500," swept away victory from 10 other going-around lead from Actress Cyd Charisse and share of \$105,344 in prize money (see page 24).

MILEPOSTS

ELICTED—Frank Pace Jr., former Secretary of the Army and Director of the Budget, recently elected president of General Dynamics, weekend golfer who shoots in 70s, president of International Golf Association (no record) last founder, John Jay Hopkins, in New York.

DEED—Skull Camp, 65, master South Carolina farmer who parks pig, cotton, cattle and fast baroque horses (Skull Point, Prince Jay, Diamond Head) into \$20 million empire at Skitter, Calif. while undergoing surgery for brain tumor, at Santa Monica.

DEED—John Patrick (Johnny) Kilbane, 65, Cleveland rougher who came off his decline to beat Alie Attila for featherweight title in 1912; held it until beaten by Eugene Cright in 1923; of record, at Cleveland. Winner of 334 of 147 fights in 16 years and noted for dexterity and speed about. Kilbane once said: "Anybody who can be hit can be whipped. I was hit four times and defeated four times."

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

CHICK THOMPSON, Washington, D.C., 80-m. Texas Red Champignon Sports Car race in Philadelphia Corvette with 45.9 mph average. Fast Work.
JOHNIE THOMPSON, Baytown, Pa. USAC 100-m. championship, in 59.53.4 (world record), in D-A Lockheed Special, Langhams, Pa.

BOAT RACING

ARHOLD OWELLASS, Yonkers, N.Y., 50-m. Regatta American race, in 2:03.36.4, Somerville, N.J.

BOWLING

COLONIAL BRADCH, Calver, WDC team 12th, with 2,331. Sixteen individual champions. Anita Dettmire Calver 88-balls with 1,550. Elmore Towles, Peoria singles with 664. Betty Velle and Jeanette Strick, Rockford, Ill., doubles with 1,218.
GREG CRIPPO, Slattery, N.Y., Peteron tournament, with 1,432, Chicago.

BOXING

WAYNE BETHIA, 10-round split decision over Paul Andrew, heavyweight, New York.
CARLOS BRILL, 10-round decision over Felix Chessa, lightweight, Chicago.

COUET TENNIS

ALBERT JONHON, New York, over James Dear, England, 7 sets to 3, in world title, London.

HORSE RACING

POBSTERVILLE, \$28,900 Carter N. 7.1, by head, in 1:23, Belmont, Pa. 7th afternoon.
BOWEN TABLE, \$28,450 WFL Rogers St. 1 m, by 4 lengths, in 1:34.7.5, Hollywood Pl. Ralph House up.

HORSE SHOW

DAVID KELLEY, Annetta, B.T. jumper championship, shared Andert, Owen (Pa.) White Star.

HURDLE

WILSON, over Curb, 38-32, in relay of All-Ireland championship, New York.

SOCCER

BERNARD, over Fennema, Maryland, 2-0, for Coupe Coupe. Goals 140,000. World.

TENNIS

FRANCO SPINALS, over Ben Newell, 2 matches to 0, Gropes leads World Pro Tour, 50-26.



BASEBALL GRIP is demonstrated by expert-swinging Ben Hogan as he drops putt on way to 61 in third round of Palm Beach Round Robin.



BOXER WINNER Iron Liege, sidelined by a slightly lame right foreleg, gets once-over from Calumet Trainer Jimmy Jones at Garden State.

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FILTRAR

BASEBALL X-RAY



SUPERSONIC WILLIE MAYS, cap characteristically adrift, dives safely into third for a triple as the Braves' Eddie Mathews takes throw. Mays, who has stolen more bases this year than any single National League club, also leads the Giants in homers and batting.

TEAM PERFORMANCES

This week (5/26 - 5/31)		Season		Home Runs	
AMERICAN LEAGUE		Season		Week	
Chicago	6-3	657	29-51	4	
Astros	6-2	447	19-30	8	
Red Sox	5-4	556	22-21	9	
Detroit	4-4	500	26-21	7	
New York	4-5	444	23-17	7	
Cleveland	4-5	444	22-17	5	
Kansas City	3-5	375	18-24	8	
Baltimore	3-6	332	14-24	5	
NATIONAL LEAGUE		Season		Week	
St. Louis	5-2	714	29-19	4	
Philadelphia	6-1	647	24-16	6	
Cincinnati	4-2	647	22-14	14	
Brooklyn	4-4	505	22-16	5	
New York	3-4	429	18-25	4	
Chicago	3-5	375	12-25	5	
Pittsburgh	3-5	325	13-28	4	
Washington	3-6	322	23-17	9	

TEAM LEADERS

Batting		Season		Home Runs		Pitching	
Week	Season	Season	Season	Season	Season	Season	Season
Willie Mays	393	Fox	387	2 tied with	9	Peverly	8-2
Harmon Killebrew	409	Schultz	298	Servino	10	Reiser	4-3
Willie Davis	467	Williams	459	Williams	11	Brewer	4-4
Karl Mauer	339	Bentley	229	Bolling	7	Wynn	6-2
Don Pate	382	Manley	146	Manley	10	Schantz	5-1
Paul Richards	348	Ward	271	Ward	8	Wynn	6-5
Carl	342	Edwards	158	Yarnall	10	Tresh	5-9
Garner	285	Toussaint	122	2 tied with	5	Lots	5-9
Montgomery	448	Myral	296	Moon	10	Jackson	4-1
Boudreau	294	Boudreau	294	2 tied with	6	Santori	6-1
Temple	550	Robinson	257	2 tied with	6	Acers	6-1
Craig	315	Craig	141	Snyder	3	2 tied with	4-2
2 tied with	318	Maye	138	2 tied with	7	Gonzalez	4-3
Banks	364	Maye	271	Neuman	6	Dool	3-5
Fundy	522	Fundy	154	Thurman	8	Foster	5-3
Marlowe	294	Acson	151	Acson	12	Burdette	5-2

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (to June 1)

BEST		WORST	
Batting (NL)	Williams, Red 409	Gaff, KC 155	
Batting (AL)	Fundy, Phil 561	Thurman, Mel 168	
Home run	Williams, Red 11	Apocryph, Chi 0	
Batters (NL)	(1 per 12 AB)	(116 AB)	
Home run	Atkins, Mel 12	Archibald, Phil 0	
Batters (NL)	(1 per 145 AB)	(127 AB)	
Pitching (NL)	Pomeroy, Chi 8-2	Stobbs, Wash 0-30	
Pitching (NL)	Ascher, Cin 6-1	Moore, Phil 0-7	
ERA (AL)	Jackson, St. L 6-1		
ERA (NL)	Santori, Phil 6-1		
ERA (NL)	Spanning, Del 1-54		
Complete games (NL)	Lehrer, Min 1-21		
Complete games (AL)	Felder, Chi 6		
Complete games (NL)	Roberts, Phil 3		
Complete games (NL)	Gonzo, Phil 0-30 starts		
Team HR (AL)	Reiser, Chi 48		
Team HR (NL)	Cincinnati 54		
Team wins (AL)	Boston 203		
Team wins (NL)	Cincinnati 254		
Team hits (AL)	Baltimore 283		
Team hits (NL)	Cincinnati 426		

RUNS PRODUCED

AMERICAN LEAGUE		Runs Scored	Runs Produced
St. Louis (1984)	28	25	53
Chicago (1984)	28	23	50
Minnesota (1984)	24	26	50
Minnesota (1984)	24	26	50
Minnesota (1984)	24	26	50
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
St. Louis (1984)	34	28	58
Atlanta (1984)	33	27	56
Atlanta (1984)	34	28	58
Atlanta (1984)	33	27	56
Atlanta (1984)	33	27	56

THE DOGGIES

AMERICAN LEAGUE		NATIONAL LEAGUE	
Team	Runs Scored	Team	Runs Produced
St. Louis	28	25	53
Chicago	28	23	50
Minnesota	24	26	50
Minnesota	24	26	50
Minnesota	24	26	50
Minnesota	24	26	50
Minnesota	24	26	50
Minnesota	24	26	50
Minnesota	24	26	50
Minnesota	24	26	50

clear water, D=water dirty or rusty, M=water muddy, N=water of normal height; SH=slightly high; H=high; VH=very high, L=low; E=rising; F=falling, WT50=water temperature 50°, FG=fishing good, FF=fishing fair; FP=fishing poor, OVG=oulook very good, OGL=oulook good, OQ=oulook fair; OP=oulook poor

PENNSYLVANIA: Stream conditions are ideal throughout Allegheny National Forest area north and central areas of state, with Green Drinker hatches in full bloom and big trout moving briskly, especially from dusk to dusk. Officials are worried about extremely light growth in northwestern area, where big streams like Tonawata, Big Sugar, Big Broken Screw and Oil creeks are in perfect condition, with heavy hatches and few darters. In north-

ATLANTIC SALMON: MAINE: Alton Bell of Denysville, making his first try for Atlantic salmon, hooked and landed a 22-pound 8-ounce specimen at Bell's Point on Denys River. This was largest salmon reported from a Maine river in two years and brought season's total for the Denys to 15. Pools of Denys and sister stream, the Narragansett, holding a number of fish. GVA.

7-Drawings by Robert Roper 1, 11-top, C. Lee Phipps AP 17; person 12 AP 72, 74 AP 17; INP 18; Richard M. K. 19-John C. Zimmerman AP 28, 29; AP draw top by Ray 34, 33-1940; C. Zimmerman 42-George Brithers; AP 1941; C. Lee Phipps 50-1941; L. Evans 53-George Fyle 62-top by Bill Kent Carpenter 64-Eugene 66, 67 Frank Lester 72-Owen Johnson 76-80-illustration by Lee Kullman 87-draws by Ray 88-1941

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COMING EVENTS

June 7 through June 16

FRIDAY, JUNE 7

Auto Racing

NASCAR Convertible Division Race, Atlanta
NASCAR Short Track Division Race, Mechanicsville, Md.

Boating

San Clemente Island Race, San Diego (through June 9)

Boxing

• Gene Palmer vs. Ralph Dyer Jones, middleweights (10 p.m.) Chicago, 10 p.m. (NBC)

Golf

Lake of Linn Lakes team society, Cleveland (through June 9)
Tournament of Champions, Johnstown, Pa. (through June 9)

Leisure

North-South All-Star Game, Baltimore

Track & Field

NAIA Championships, San Diego (through June 9)

SATURDAY, JUNE 8

Auto Racing

NASCAR Short Track Division Race, Gardens, Calif.
National SCCA Race, Lime Rock, Conn. (through June 9)

Baseball

• Brooklyn Dodgers vs. Cincinnati Redlegs, Brooklyn, 8:55 p.m. (Mutel)
• Detroit Tigers vs. New York Yankees, Detroit, 2:35 p.m. (CBS)
• Pittsburgh Pirates vs. Milwaukee Braves, Pittsburgh, 3:25 p.m. (NBC)
• NCAA Baseball Tournament, Omaha (through June 10)

Boating

Atlantic Highlands Yacht Club Sailing Series, Atlantic Highlands, N.J. (through June 9)
New York Yacht Club Spring Sailing Regatta, Greenwich, Conn. (through June 9)

Fencing

Worldwide Fencing Championships, Milwaukee (through June 14)

Horse Racing

Argonaut Handicap, \$25,000, 3-yr-olds & up, 1 m., Hollywood Park, Calif.
Lasswell Stakes, \$25,000, 3-yr-olds, 1 1/8 m., Delaware Park, Del.

• Northrup Handicap, \$20,000, 3-yr-olds & up, 1 m., Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (NBC)
• The Cavalcade, \$50,000, 3-yr-olds, 1 m., Washington, Pa., 10:15-10:25 p.m. (NBC)
The Queen's Plate, \$40,000, 3-yr-olds (bred and owned in Canada) 1 1/4 m., New Woodbine, Canada

Track & Field

Worldwide "Meet of Champions," Rye Brook, N.Y.
New York Athletic Club Spring Games, Inverness Island, N.Y.

Water Skiing

4th Annual Soda Bay Tournament, Clear Lake, Calif. (through June 9)

SUNDAY, JUNE 9

Auto Racing

NASCAR Convertible Division Race, North Wilkesboro, N.C.
NASCAR Grand National Division Race, Memphis

Baseball

• Brooklyn Dodgers vs. Cincinnati Redlegs, Brooklyn, 2 p.m. (Mutel)

Motorcycling

National Championship 30-mile Dirt Track Race, Glenview, Ill.

MONDAY, JUNE 10

Baseball

• Detroit Tigers vs. New York Yankees, Detroit, 2:55 p.m. (Mutel)

Boxing

• Alex Miller vs. Willie Brownhoff, heavyweights (10:15 p.m.) St. Louis, 10:30 p.m. (ABC)

Horse Racing

The National Stakes, \$15,000, 2-yr-old fillies, 1 1/4 m., Belmont Park, N.Y.
Tom Rolo Stakes, \$10,000, 4-yr-olds & up, 2 m., Delaware Park, Del.

Tennis

Lakeside Intermediate Championships, Hamilton, N.Y. (through June 10)
Southern Championships, New Orleans (through June 16)

TUESDAY, JUNE 11

Horse Racing

Pagan Stakes, \$20,000, 2-yr.-old colts and geldings, 1 1/4 m., Hollywood Park, Calif.

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- Baden**
Golfweek: Roundup \$5,900, Golfweek: Tees (Through June 14)
- Track & Field**
All American Championships: Long Hauling: Gold
- Baseball**
New York Giants vs. Chicago Cubs: New York 1:25 p.m. (Mutual)

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12

- Boxing**
Eugene Allen vs. Walter Egan: welterweights (10 a.m.).
Newark, N.J. 10 p.m. (ABC)
- Horse Racing**
Charlotte Stakes: \$10,000, 2-yr. old colts and geldings.
5:15 Delmar Park Del.
Teat Stakes: \$25,000 2-yr. olds \$10:15 Washington Park, D.C.
The Shetland: \$10,000 3-yr. olds 7:15 Belmont Park N.Y.
(Foxboro)
The Victory Song: \$7,500 Detroit

THURSDAY, JUNE 13

- Auto Racing**
USAC 100-lap Midway Race: South Bend, Ind.
- Baseball**
Brooklyn Dodgers vs. Milwaukee Braves: Brooklyn 1:25 p.m. (Mutual)
- Golf**
U.S. Open: \$25,000, Toledo (Through June 15 NBC)
- Horse Racing**
Hollywood Turfway: \$20,000 3-yr. olds & up \$10:15
Hollywood Park Del.
(Trotters)
The Merchants & Manufacturers Trust: \$15,000 Detroit
- Track & Field**
All American Championships: Staggered All Stars: 100m
Teat: Through June 15
All American Championships: Fort Worth, Texas (Through June 15)

FRIDAY, JUNE 14

- Auto Racing**
NASCAR Convertible Division Race: Rochester
NASCAR Grand National Division Race: Charlotte N.C.
NASCAR Short Track Division Race: Toledo
- Boxing**
Terry Anthony vs. Yusef Dettler: light heavyweight (10 a.m.). Detroit 10 p.m. (NBC)
- Horse Racing**
(Trotters)
The George Newman: \$7,500 Detroit
- Track & Field**
NCAA Championships: Austin, Texas

SATURDAY, JUNE 15

- Auto Racing**
NASCAR SCCA NRS Grand: Winston: Waco (Through June 18)
NASCAR SCCA Hot Club: Eastern Mountain: VT (Through June 18)
NASCAR Short Track Division Race: Walnut Creek: Calif.
NASCAR Short Track Division Race: Buffalo
- Baseball**
New York Giants vs. Cincinnati Reds: New York 1:30 p.m. (Mutual)
Philadelphia Phillies vs. Milwaukee Braves: Philadelphia: 1:45 p.m. (CBS)
Pittsburgh Pirates vs. Chicago Cubs: Pittsburgh 1:25 p.m. (NBC)
- Boxing**
Walter Nightingale: Teat: Oak Ridge: Sevier: Apalache Highlands: N.J. (Through June 15)
(Time)
Central Ontario R.R. Regatta: Toronto
Tele vs. Harvard: New London: Conn.
- Boxing**
Teat: Madison vs. Gonomy: Uru: welterweights (10 a.m.). San Francisco
- Horse Racing**
Baltimore Teat: Roundup: \$50,000 3-yr. olds & up 1:15
in Oak course: Washington Park, D.C.
The Teat Stakes: \$10,000 3-yr. olds 1:15 m. Gulfstream Park N.Y. & 3:30 p.m. (CBS)
The Oaks: \$25,000 3-yr. old fillies, 1:15 m. Belmont Park Del.
- Track & Field**
Penn Cornell vs. Oxford-Cambridge: Philadelphia

SUNDAY, JUNE 16

- Auto Racing**
NASCAR Convertible Division Race: Williams Grove: Pa.
NASCAR Grand National Division Race: Martinsville: Va.
- Baseball**
Brooklyn Dodgers vs. St. Louis Cardinals: Brooklyn 2 p.m. (Mutual)
- Boxing**
New York & C. Cow Regatta: Fulton Bay: N.Y.
Trans-Atlantic Teat Race: departures from Newport: R.I.
(to San Francisco, Spain)

*See local listing.

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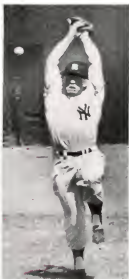
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GLOOM HERE



DISORIENTED BERRA (NO HIT), MANTLE (NO CATCH) KEEP YANKEES OUT OF LEAD

One quarter of the baseball season is already a matter of record. The pennant hopes of some have waned, others have bloomed with spring vigor

by ROY TERRELL

A MAJOR LEAGUE baseball season spans almost half a year, boiling up from the South in the crisp mid-April days and disappearing in the October flash of a World Series. Along the 154-game road, however, the fan finds a few convenient stopping places, occasions when he can examine one part of the season as an entity all its own, re-evaluate the teams which might still win the pennant and savor the surprises anew.

One such, of course, is the traditional midway point, the All-Star Game, which follows on the heels of the Fourth of July. Another—and the last—is the big Labor Day weekend. But the very first opportunity comes after the six opening weeks of the season. It is then, when a scattering of second-division clubs are already thinking of next year, that the others begin to come sharply into focus. What, then, in 1957, did the major league contenders look like after Memorial Day?

CHICAGO WHITE SOX. *Preseason choice; fourth (present odds 4½ to 1). On Memorial Day: first (odds 2 to 1).*

Chicago leads the American League not because the Yankees are really slumping but because the White Sox have won seven out of every 10 games they have played. The pitching has been brilliant, with Billy Pierce, the major league leader in victories (eight), Jim Wilson and Dick Donovan backed up by rookie Bill Fischer, Jack Harshman and a good relief staff. Defensively, no team in baseball is any tighter; offensively, no team in years has so harried the opposition with its speed and daring on the bases. The one weak spot: hitting (only Fox over .300). The solution: a hero a day (first Lollar or

SEASON'S FIRST CONCLUSIONS

- 1) The **YANKEES** are human.
- 2) The **WHITE SOX** have begun well in the past—but their pitching has never looked so good.
- 3) Manager **BIRDIE TEBBETTS** is a wizard—or has convinced his players that he is, which comes to about the same.
- 4) The **CARDINALS** are not the expected "most improved club in the National League." The Phillies are.
- 5) **WILLIAMS** (.38) and **MUSIAL** (.36) are the most promising hitters of 1957.
- 6) The **BRAVES** have been foolhardy in avoiding a trade which their pitching wealth permitted, and which ought to have won up the pennant.
- 7) The **STRIKEOUT** has replaced the home run at Ebbets Field.
- 8) **BASEBALL** will become truly national (see page 26).

—JOY THERE

Doby or Landis or Minoso will get hot and pick up the club, then it will be Aparicio or Phillips or Dropo or Rivera). The result: the Sox, with their pitching and defense and speed, have been getting enough runs to win. The hitting should definitely improve, and Al Lopez hopes to avert the famous Chicago "June swoon" with a program of occasional rest for his regulars. The big question is whether the pitching can stand up. At any rate, the White Sox are the team to catch.

NEW YORK YANKEES. *Preseason choice: first (preseason odds 2 to 5). On Memorial Day: second (odds 2 to 1).*

Any other team playing at a .505 pace would consider itself to be in pretty good shape. But last year at this time the Yankees were six games ahead of the pack, and this is the sort of thing that was expected of them again. They have the best pitching in the league outside of Chicago's (a team earned run average of 2.91), with a revived Bobby Shantz taking up the slack left by an ailing Whitey Ford. They still have Mickey Mantle (.365, 10 home runs, 24 runs batted in), steady, versatile Gil McDougald and that famous Yankee hench. Yet they are second instead of first. The reason: Yogi Berra, their big man in the clutch, is hitting only .217. There has also been a recent, unYankee-like development: they drop baseballs. The fielding has at times been so inept that the sound of Yankees colliding under pop flies threatens to drown out the boos. Yet no one expects Berra's slump to last all year or such a solid team to continue beating itself. By the Fourth of July the rest of the league may have wished it had kicked them harder while they were down.

CLEVELAND INDIANS. *Preseason choice: third (preseason odds 4 to 1). On Memorial Day: third (odds 6 to 1).*

The most injury-plagued team in all baseball (the hospital list of the first six weeks: 29-game winners Herb Score and Bob Lemon, rookie star Roger Maris, and—less seriously—slugger Vic Wertz, pitcher Mike Garcia, relief ace Don Mossi and rookie Larry Ralnes), the Indians have survived through the



SIGN OF THE TIMES AT CROSLY FIELD: JOAK AND HAPPINESS AND A BIG HOME RUN

rehabilitation of several veterans and the almost limitless depth of the great pitching staff. Manager Kerby Farrell has got real mileage out of Gene Woodling, George Strickland, Chico Carrasquel and Jim Busby and rebuilt his staff around old Early Wynn, promising rookie Bud Daley and the sparring relief work of Ray Narleski, Mossi and Cal McLish. Wertz, playing despite injuries, and Rocco Colavito have supplied most of the punch, with occasional help from those not attending sick call that day. Considering that Al Smith has not really begun to hit up to his capabilities, it is quite possible that Cleveland, if it can continue to hang on while convalescing, is going to be real murder the rest of the way.

DETROIT TIGERS. *Preseason choice: second (preseason odds 4 to 1). On Memorial Day: fourth (odds 7 to 1).*

The averages for most of the first six weeks showed the Tigers to be the best-hitting team in the league. The standings show something else. This disparity arises from the fact that Detroit is not getting the big hits. Kuenn, Kaline, Boone and Maxwell are far below their 1956 pace, while Reno Bertoia carries the team—rather lightly—at the plate. It is the same with the pitching: Frank Lary, who won 21 games last year, and Billy Hoelt, who won 20, have accounted for a total of three victories. The pitching has been done by sensational Duke Maza (his 6-2 record

continued



DIGGEST SURPRISE of the season is Philadelphia, rejuvenated by new crop of *Whiz Kids* (top, from left) Anderson, Bozchee, Fernandez; (bottom) Cardwell, Bowman, Sanford.

GLOOM AND JOY

continued

includes five low-hit games), Paul Foytack and Jim Bunning. But Manager Jack Tighe has some consoling thoughts: Lary has run into bad luck, Hoelt has now recovered from a sore shoulder and Kuenn, Kaline and Co. are just naturally better hitters than they have shown. If they are not, it is too bad; the Tigers can't match the Yankees or Indians or even the White Sox in replacements. They must win with what they have on the field.

BOSTON RED SOX. *Preseason choice:* fifth (preseason odds 10 to 1). *On Memorial Day:* fifth (odds 13 to 1).

If a team in the American League has played according to form, it is the Red Sox. Ted Williams has contributed a noisy .413 average and 11 home runs to the Boston cause while Jackie Jensen remains the quietest .300 hitter around, driving in more runs (.28) than Williams. The pitching staff of Tom Brewer (6-3), Frank Sullivan, Dave Stier, George Susser, Ike Delock and Willard Nixon has done yeoman work but appears incapable of surmounting the double handicap of a leaky infield and weak batting support. Gene Mauch has been a real surprise at the plate (.339), but the other surprises have been

mostly negative: Jimmy Piersall .239, Mickey Vernon .241, Sammy White .210, Billy Klaus .194.

CINCINNATI REDS. *Preseason choice:* third (preseason odds 5 to 1). *On Memorial Day:* first (odds 8 to 5).

Cincinnati, they said, doesn't have enough good starting pitchers to win a pennant. The logical answer is that with the highest team batting average (.288) in baseball, with six regulars hitting over .295, with a relief staff which has personally won a dozen games (the unexpected leader: Tom Acker with six), who needs starting pitchers? Anyway, the Reds have those too, in young Don Goss (4-1 and a 1.77 ERA), Brooks Lawrence and Hal Jeffcoat, and they always have runs to work on. Even Ted Kluszewski isn't missed on this club, where Frank Robinson, Don Hoak, George Crowe, Ed Bailey and Johnny Temple are over .300 and Gus Bell is climbing up toward it. The defense, led by the incomparable Roy McMillan, is brilliant. After a floundering start, the Reds won 12 straight and have been in first place since May 15. The only dark spot is a marked inability to beat the Braves more than once in eight games. There is, however, a compensating factor—in 15 games with the three cellar teams, the Reds have lost only once.



BEST PITCHER has been the slick left-hander of the White Sox, Billy Pierce.

BROOKLYN DODGERS. *Preseason choice:* second (preseason odds 7 to 5). *On Memorial Day:* second (odds 8 to 5).

Never more than 3½ games behind, the Dodgers have remained in a contending spot for six weeks with a strange new weapon—pitching. Reese, Jackson and Maglie have been hurt. Snider, Campanella and Gilliam have slumped badly. Yet the Brooks are winning because they have a pitching staff that has become the best in the National League: Don Newcombe, Johnny Podres, Don Drysdale, Sandy Koufax and the ubiquitous Clem Labine. What hitting was required has been supplied by Carl Furillo's slugging in the clutch, Gil Hodges' steady average and the season's big discovery, Gino (.355) Cimoli. But now Snider and Campanella have begun to hit, and the Dodgers are still very much in the middle of a pennant race. If the Reds and Braves haven't been able to leave them behind before, they are going to have a tough time doing it now.

MILWAUKEE BRAVES. *Preseason choice:* first (preseason odds 3 to 5). *On Memorial Day:* third (odds 8 to 5).

Off to a blazing start in which they won 13 out of their first 16 games, the Braves began to slump on May 6 and have been slumping ever since. The famous pitching staff had seven complete



VOLUBLE CONSTERNATION overcomes Frank Lane as the St. Louis general manager watches Cardinals flounder in fifth place.



HABITUAL EXPRESSION of eighth-place manager settles sadly over Senators' Lavagetto, who succeeded Dreesen in fourth week.

games in its first 12 starts (four by Warren Spahn); since then, in 26 games, only five pitchers have gone the route. But the team ERA is second only to Brooklyn's, and it is not so much the pitching which has fallen off; only young Hank Aaron, hitting .335 and leading the league in both home runs and runs batted in, Eddie Mathews and Joe Adcock have been producing runs—and the Braves have sometimes had to do without Mathews and Adcock because of injuries. Looming ever larger is the off-season failure of the Braves to make a trade for a left fielder and a second baseman. The combined efforts of Bobby Thomson, Chuck Tanner and Andy Pafko in left add up to a .209 average and 15 runs batted in. At second, Danny O'Connell gave signs of a new lease on life, then abandoned all pretense to hit .233 and commit a handful of damaging errors. If there is a trade, it had better come soon.

PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES. *Pennanan choice; fourth (present odds \$9 to 1). On Memorial Day; fourth (odds \$9 to 1).*

Around the National League these days when the names Bouchee, Bowman, Anderson, Cardwell, Sanford, Fernandez and Farrell arise, the response is no longer Who? but Wow! Most surprising team in the National League if not

all baseball, this new group of White Kids has made Philadelphia the most improved as well. Also about the most fun to watch. Mix in the steady influence of Granny Hamner, enjoying the comeback of the year, Willie Jones, Richie Ashburn, Stan Lopata, Robin Roberts, Curt Simmons and Harvey Haddix, and the Phillies look more and more like a first-division club once again. When you consider they were only three games behind Cincinnati on Memorial Day, maybe they have become more than that. It is hard to overrate the contributions of the youngsters. Of the 22 games won, Sanford (5), Cardwell (3) and Farrell (2) have accounted for 10—and of the 16 losses, they have been guilty of only three. Bouchee, at first base, is hitting .301 (six home runs), Bowman .285, Anderson .275 and the slick-fielding Fernandez .257. Whether the kids can keep it up, no one knows. At least it was fun while it lasted.

ST. LOUIS CARDINALS. *Previous choice; fourth (present odds 10 to 1). On Memorial Day; fifth (odds \$9 to 1).*

Before the season, it was pointed out that the Cardinals, having improved their pitching, were ready to make a run at the pennant. As it turned out, the Cardinals—with pitching at least as bad as before—have spent most of

the first six weeks trying to run away from sixth place. With the big four of Minell, Dickson, Jones and Wehmer virtually useless (four victories, 11 defeats), the entire task has fallen on Willard Schmidt (4-1), Larry Jackson (6-1) and a 21-year-old Bible student named Lindy McDaniel. The defense has been so sluggish at times that Ken Boyer, the 1956 All-Star third baseman, was moved to the outfield as much to protect him from harm as anything else, and Del Ennis, who not only couldn't hit a ball but couldn't catch one either, found himself on the bench. That Wally Moon escaped the same fate in left is due more to a 23-game hitting streak and his 10 home runs than anything else. What has saved the club all the way around, in fact, is the hitting. Stan Musial, at .361, is driving in runs in clusters, and Hal Smith, Moon and Alvin Dark are all over .300. But Owner Gusie Busch, who stepped in recently to revise the batting order to coincide with his own plans (more younger players like Eddie Kasko and Joe Cunningham in the lineup), may not be through yet. He could be thinking of new names to replace those of Manager Fred Hutchinson and General Manager Frank Lane too. There is a rumor that Marty Marion is being kept close around St. Louis these days. Just in case. **END**



WOODBINE'S SPACIOUS GARDENS AND TERRACES EPTOMERE CANADA'S NEW RACING LOOK

The Queen's Plate

Canada's 'Kentucky Derby,' run for the 98th time this week, finds a luxurious new setting

CANADA'S long-standing enthusiasm for horse racing bubbles up this week into a froth of silk and satin that spills into the \$13 million New Woodbine track (see right) for the running of one of the world's most ancient and ceremonious horse races, the Queen's Plate. Older by 15 years than America's Kentucky Derby, this race—now in its 98th consecutive year—attracts the largest Canadian sports crowd of the year. Not only that, but the Queen's Plate also wins the full-throated approval of Governor General Vincent Massey and many of the snappiest social and business figures of the Dominion, who turn out to watch Canada's premier 3-year-olds run a mile and one quarter for a purse of \$40,000.

With roots which reach back to the War of 1812, Canadian racing is now marching toward its highest plateau in generations, thanks mainly to Industrialist Edward P. Taylor, who in five years has encouraged bigger purses, better tracks and the breeding of championship horses.

The scene of this year's Plate is the last word in elegance and convenience to the racegoer. Dandied up with escalators, a barber shop and even a bank, New Woodbine has drawn the plaudits of many American track owners, who have visited it with an eye to adapting some of its innovations to their own plants. Although the race is now

dressed in surroundings of modernity, the nostalgic trappings are thoughtfully maintained. When the victor, tired and puffing, returns to the winner's circle, Governor General Massey will walk from the red-carpeted viceregal box to congratulate the latest equine celebrity on behalf of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II.

One of three tracks in Ontario, New Woodbine has made it necessary for the other two—Fort Erie and Old Woodbine—to undergo architectural surgery to keep abreast of the times.

New Woodbine represents a trail blazing in Canada's current racing boom and demonstrates the young approach which Canadian horsemen are now taking. Competition on an equal footing with the United States is not far off, and, as one Canadian official said recently, "Every year we have one or two horses that look as though they could hold their own with any in the world. We're only a step away from the top of the heap."

—MURRAY GART

TRADITIONAL ceremony of the Queen's Plate is the arrival of the Governor General, brought to track in a red-wheeled, black and gold carriage. He alights on a red carpet, while top-hatted members of the Ontario Jockey Club stand by to tender greetings.



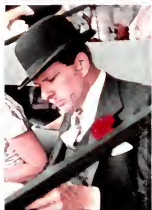
Top-hatted society adds to splendor of Canada's "Kentucky Derby." Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce C. D. Howe, Viscount Hardinge, and Prince Seagram of distillery fame (left to right) were among the 1956 spectators.

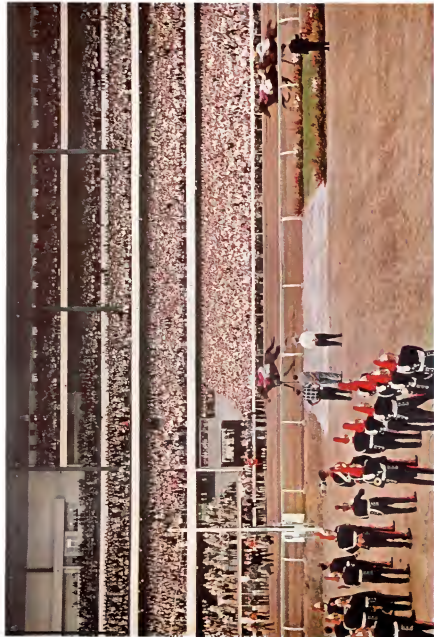


Natly attired Charlie Burns, a director of the Ontario Jockey Club and a wealthy stockbroker, discusses race with his wife and friend in box (over).

Colorful hats dot the scene on the day of the Queen's Plate. Robert Dale Harris, in bowler, diligently studies entries as wife scans the crowd (over right). On far right Mrs. W. Hugh Owen and Mrs. S. C. Salvety wear striking headwear while viewing race from their box at Woodbine, which opened last year.







PORTERFIELD STANDS AT MODERN 112 MILLION WOODBINE WHERE FILLED FOR LAST YEAR'S QUEEN'S PLATE: AS BILL BRASLEY'S AFFLY SAMUEL CANADIAN CHAMP BOUNDED HOME EASY WINNER (ARROW)

THE FOOTLOOSE SPORTSMAN IN TORONTO

by HORACE SUTTON

PEOPLE visiting Toronto for such reasons as the running of the Queen's Plate, and having been spoiled by the comparative bacchanalia of their own municipalities back home, may at first find Ontario's capital somewhat trying if not parching.

For instance, it is not possible to buy a bottle of intoxicating elixir after 6 o'clock in the evening. Nor may liquor be ordered from room service in a hotel. Bars and other places of levitation serving mash are required to close at 11:30 p.m. on Saturdays and there are no bars open on Sundays. Nor are there Sabbath movies, or theatrical shows.

Until a few months ago, when the pioneering *Toronto Telegram* made the move, there were no Sunday papers. And there may be none again if certain local religious groups have their way. Not only are some forces out to shut down the *Telegram*, but also to bar the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation from disseminating news on Sundays.

Despite an assortment of house rules that would seem sufficient to dissuade all but the most pious from wandering nearer than the city limits, Toronto has been building as many new hotels as any metropolis visited recently by this professional perigrinator. A few weeks ago it welcomed the arrival of the Knott chain, which opened the Westbury, a 17-story, 360-room brick and glass extravaganza.

A pub in the cellar

Conveniently located across the street from the Maple Leaf Gardens, the Westbury has a men's pub in the cellar where beer is a dime, and a glass-enclosed sky lounge on the roof with a piano bar and a majestic view to the immense shore line of Lake Ontario, looking toward Cleveland, Rochester and Buffalo. Near the shore is Toronto Island, which is to be made into a park. Downtown is the Canadian Bank of Commerce, 34 stories above the ground, four stories below, and the tallest building in the British Commonwealth. Visible too is the Commonwealth's largest hotel, the 1,200-

room Royal York, currently building a 400-room addition. A Canadian Pacific hotel, the Royal York covers a great tract of downtown Toronto and is directly across the street from Union Station, a depot which after the last night train comes in padlocks its gates until the following morning.

First of the major hotels to enlarge was the Park Plaza. Its rakish addition was neatly integrated into the old building, to which it is connected by a walkway lined with vitrines and convention rooms. Still abiding is the Hotel Lord Simcoe, named—there should be no hard feelings—for the head of the British expeditionary forces in the War of 1812. It will have 600 rooms and a replica of the Pump Room in Chicago's Ambassador East, which features meats served on the flaming sword fetched by waiters in tail coats and knee breeches.

Flambés for gourmets

Aside from the public rooms in its growing list of hotels, Toronto's selection of restaurants would hardly sustain a practiced gourmet from high noon to midnight. The poshest of the few is Le Cabaret at 76 St. Clair Avenue West, opposite the sacrosanct walls of the Granite Club. Located on the ground floor of a modernistic office building, Le Cabaret offers Le Nicolette Bar upstairs and Aux Maxims downstairs, a chamber decorated with black walls, striped banquettes and equipped with immense menus embellished with the painting *Aux Maxims* by Jean Domergue. Lohster flambé with liquor or game hen on the flaming sword come to \$6, but there is a choice of less extravagant entrees starting at \$3.

A chophouse of local renown is the Sign of the Steer where the porterhouse is \$5, the lobsters down from Nova Scotia float in the tanks, and there is such other Canadiana as Lake Ontario trout, Lake Simcoe whitefish and Winnipeg gold eye. Winston's Theater Grill has that genteel, creaky, faded atmosphere of a theatrical club. Once open only to those possessed of keys, Winston's will now accept any-

body's patronage, offering excellent fare served by white-gloved waiters. The tables are named for Rex Harrison, Deborah Kerr, Barbara Ann Scott and such, all of whom supped here. Pictures of players cover the walls, which resound nightly with piano and song.

Toronto's rigid rules severely limit the importation of expensive nightclub talent, but jazz acts of reputation do appear at the Colonial Hotel, and there is a show at the Club One Two, the city's largest arena. There is a 10% levy known as a Hospital Tax, but the club does try to square things by offering its American patrons the privilege of paying in U.S. currency which is offered at par. I had better warn you at this juncture that U.S. dollars are discounted everywhere else at a whacking 5%, which means that your \$10 bill buys \$9.50 Canadian.

Daks like Saks' in Simpson's

It would seem to me, if not to the Canadian government, that this rate of exchange would deter tourist shopping in the Dominion, but, at any rate, Simpson's and Eaton's are the big department stores and they offer a full line of woollens and English chinaware which are said to be the greatest bargains. Daks—plain gray flannel slacks, which, as a standard item, I have been using as a point of shopping comparison in these forays into the Commonwealth—are \$27.50 in Simpson's (as against \$29.50 in Saks Fifth Avenue).

At the risk of sounding like a bullet in a china shop, I should further inform the ladies that Eaton's main floor has Crown Derby cups and saucers at \$14.30 the set, and six fruit knives in the same pattern come to \$29.50. Royal Doulton figurines, the men in raffish garb, the women in flowing finery, are anywhere from \$8 to \$27. The same establishment has also imported from the indigenous northlands, Eskimo carvings in slate gray soapstone—a whole menagerie of seals, penguins and Arctic birds and fish. They're all tucked away in a Nanookerie of the North on the first floor. END

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

TIME AND DISTANCE, PROFIT AND LOSS, STONEHAM AND
O'MALLEY • THREE LAPS WITH MERCURY AND REITH • FIST
OF A WINNER, FACE OF A LOSER • HOOK, LINE AND SELTZER

BASEBALL GOES NATIONAL

BASEBALL WAS TRYING this week to make some sense out of its several predicaments—and by thus floating its own tradition of simple drift it threw the whole country into an up-rear. Mayors flitted back and forth across the nation or peuted in their chambers; state legislatures jammed through bills; and governors hastened to sign them; there were shouts from the halls of Congress, a statement from the Federal Communications Commission and a flurry in Wall Street. Private citizens hastily formed committees and planned syndicates. The hula-baloo was everywhere. Well, not quite everywhere: the Borough of Brooklyn (which stood to lose its Dodgers) remained strangely calm.

The sense that baseball is trying to make consists of facing the following facts:

1) Just as the discovery of gold made it inevitable that California would be admitted to the Union, so the population explosion in southern California has made it inevitable that Los Angeles would be admitted to the Majors. At the same time it has become advantageous to establish a second big league outpost at San Francisco. Air transport makes both moves eminently practical.

2) Television has presented baseball with the greatest following in its history, and baseball is excited to draw direct strength from this following. One obvious, if costly, way is to provide bigger, better and more accessible ball parks and entice some of the new fans into the open air. Another way is to deliver the games to U.S. homes, extracting a small charge for the now free show.

Reading the writing is the sky, the

National League has managed to act before the American League. Meeting in Chicago last week, the National League owners gave the Brooklyn Dodgers permission to move to Los Angeles and the New York Giants a green light into San Francisco. By thus approving a total withdrawal from the nation's largest city, the Nationals seemed, to many observers, to have taken leave of their senses. But then came a sense-making report that Skiatron TV, Inc. of New York was prepared to guarantee both the Dodgers and the Giants \$2 million a year for pay-as-you-look-television rights on the West Coast. This caused the Wall Street flurry in Skiatron stock although Walter O'Malley, president of the Brooklyn Dodgers and the real master strategist of the projected upheaval,

declared himself innocent of any involvement in the TV deal.

At this point a slight digression is in order if one is to digest this heady baseball chowder. As indicated, all these fast-breaking developments represent baseball's attempt to make sense out of its abrupt collision with the facts of mid-century life.

For years it was not necessary for baseball to make sense. Before the coming of television, the big league game operated as a sort of provincial entertainment whose excitements were largely a matter of hearsay to a good two-thirds of the country. Nobody, in those old days, doubted that Babe Ruth existed, but only a comparative handful (as measured against today's television audiences) had seen him

continued

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Adoption Procedure

Southern Californians are taking the shift of the Dodgers for granted. Headline there one day last week: REESE'S ERROR LETS BUCS BEAT OUR BUMS. San Francisco is more cautious. Sample headline: SF (?) GIANTS TRIP LA (?) BUMS.

• Boxing's New Era

In the brand-new age of competition, Promoter Emil Lence had progress to report: the Floyd Patterson-Hurricane Jackson heavyweight championship fight will be scheduled for New York's Polo Grounds on the night of July 29, will be televised by NBC, hitherto a mainstay of Jim Norris' IBC, and will be sponsored by a distinguished newcomer to the boxing beat—General Motors.

• Americans Ready

American drivers, at least, are ready for the long-anticipated invasion of Italy's classic Monza race. Indianapolis veterans willing to go abroad for the June 29 event include Pat O'Connor, Johnnie Parsons, Troy Ruttman, Jim Bryan, Andy Linden, Bob Veith, Roger Ward, Tony Bettenhausen, Eddie Sachs and Paul Russo. Chief concern now is the lag in European entries for the event.

• Sacrifice Play

Texas A&M got NCAA probation lifted after Basketball Coach Ken Loeffler played the rural scapegoat. He resigned—rather than fight charges of recruiting excesses—lest the NCAA extend A&M's painful two-year probation for football sins.



"... and please let the Dodgers score out to Los Angeles."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

mince to the plate on those toothpick legs and belt the ball into the adjacent streets. Small boys in Arkansas, say, could not imitate his batting style as they can Mickey Mantle's. Big league baseball was a tight little world, and old-line baseball men liked it that way. They presented a united front in resisting the numbering of players' uniforms, and they considered the scoring of hits and errors to be trade secrets not to be divulged to paying customers. Balls fouled into the stands they regarded as club property still, and they sent ushers scurrying to retrieve them. In extreme cases ushers were authorized to offer a pass for the next day's game in exchange for the ball. Apparently, the owners considered the model T Ford to be the ultimate advancement of the automotive industry and confidently expected that a few vacant lots in the neighborhood would accommodate as many as could be sold locally. Seat cushions, rented at 10¢, seemed a daring but worthwhile concession to spectator comfort.

It was no wonder that the Supreme Court of the United States looked upon this innocent-seeming enterprise as a kind of business not subject to the restrictions of other businesses operating across state lines. This affectionate attitude toward baseball persisted even when smart operators

like Larry MacPhail put over night baseball and Lou Perini of Boston engineered the first modern shift of a franchise, even when radio and television rights brought the clubs handsome profits to add to those of the concessions and the parking lots.

But now, baseball may have hastened the day of reckoning which has already overtaken professional football and made it subject to the antitrust laws. Representative Emanuel Celler of New York has announced that he will take advantage of a previously scheduled hearing (set for June 17) to inquire into the "big business" aspects of the proposed shifts and the financial affairs of the clubs involved. Meanwhile, Representative Kenneth B. Keating of New York is ready with a bill that would make some of baseball's



affairs (television contracts, etc.) subject to regulation while safeguarding the present player contract with its reserve clause.

One thing seems certain: the National League has reached a point of no return. It is abundantly clear that Mr. O'Malley of Brooklyn is not interested in anything New York City now proposes to hold on to the Dodgers. Looking back on his successive maneuvers

(scheduling games in Jersey City, buying the Los Angeles franchise, acquiring a 44-passenger airplane), it is plain that he had his eye on the rich Los Angeles market all the while.

It makes sense. And when the dust settles, when the Pacific Coast League is placated, Congressmen talked hoarse, stadiums built, television coin boxes installed—and maybe one or two more teams shifted to baseball-hungry cities like Minneapolis, Denver and Fort Worth—major league baseball may at long last become in truth the U.S. national game.

MAN IN THE LEAD

AS THE FIELD of brightly colored, snarling machines took to the track in last week's Indianapolis "500," a powerful yellow car was in the lead. It sped through the south turn, up the long backstretch past the golf course, through the north turn and down along the hallowed bricks of the home stretch, maintaining a steady advantage. At the end of one more lap it was still ahead, and again at the end of three. But this time it stopped, and out stepped a man wearing a light blue suit and vest. The car he had been driving, a 1957 Mercury Convertible Cruiser, was, of course, the pace car, and the man was Francis Carlson (Jack) Reith, 42, general manager of the Mercury Division of Ford Motor Company.

Jack Reith had just come about as



BOWDEN WAVES SALUTE AFTER 3:01.7 MILE

'THE WINNER: DON BOWDEN'

IN THE THREE YEARS since Dr. Roger Bannister of England led the world's milers across the four-minute barrier, five Americans have come close and failed. As other milers crowded the barrier, a gangling 17-year-old, Donald Paul Bowden, was developing into a remarkable half-miler in San Jose, Calif., setting a new high school record of 1:52.3. As a college freshman, Bowden also ran the mile as a sideline and set a freshman record of 4:11.7. Last year, Half-Miler Bowden's sideline won him a spot on the Olympic team in the 1,500 meters. This spring again, Bowden ran the half and occasionally the mile. In a relay race four weeks ago, Bowden was clocked in 4:01.6 for the mile—a potential four-minute man well worth watching.

Last weekend—when almost no one was watching—Don Bowden decided

to break the barrier. Feeling a bit poorly after a week of exams, Bowden drove 75 miles to Stockton, Calif., where a gallery half filling the 6,000-capacity stadium was watching a modest show of strength in a regional AAU meet. It was windy and cold, Bowden planned to run the half. It was mild and almost windless, so Bowden entered the mile. "If you hit the half in 2:01," Coach Brutus Hamilton counseled him, "go ahead." Bowden hit the half in 2:00.8, the field already strung behind him. Bowden went on, unpaced, against the clock, gathering up the cheers of the crowd with each long, loose stride to the tape. Then as he got his wind, came the announcement many an American miler has been hoping to hear: "The winner, Don Bowden. Time: 3:58.7. He is the first American to run a four-minute mile."

close as any nondriver does to the sensation of actually driving a racing car in the "500." His mission was to lead the drivers around the track in formation and to give them a flying send-off at the starting line. He had had the assignment for months, and he had approached it with the thoroughness one would expect of a member of the group of young Ford executives who are known as the Whiz Kids.

Bill Stroppe, the man who prepares Mercury's racing stock cars, equipped the pace car with racing shock absorbers and tuned its 290-hp engine. Jack Reith came to the speedway early and practiced conscientiously. He received tips from Drivers Sam Hanks and Jimmy Bryan. On race morning he was outwardly calm and chipper. "This may be false optimism," he said, "but I think everything will go very well."

For Reith, it did. But for the drivers who were sent off this year from the pits to search out their proper positions during two pace laps, it was, as Speedway President Tony Hulman Jr. said later, "lousy." The start for the racers was ragged, indeed.

Reith had to lead a third pace lap after one racing car bumped another on the first one. He executed it smoothly, at 50 to 60 mph, and stepped hard on the accelerator as he came into the homestretch for the last time. He swerved smartly onto the pit apron, gunned the convertible to 100 mph, and the race was on.

Afterward Reith admitted that he had a nightmare on the eve of the race. "I was not afraid for my personal safety," he said. "It's a good car, and it was in perfect shape. But I saw myself getting stalled on the backstretch, with all those racing cars fouled up behind me. And worst of all, the Buick people at the race were laughing their heads off."

But it was only a nightmare.

PRIDE OF MEXICO

THE YOUNG FEATHERWEIGHT climbed through the ropes and into the ring. He stood in his corner somber and heavy-lidded, draped in a black velvet robe. His hawklike features were impassive, frozen—a proud young man conscious of his role and dignity. He waited for the fight to start.

The crowd of nearly 14,000 which jammed Hollywood's Gilmore Field saw him and broke into a singsong chant: "Pa-jaro, Pa-jaro, Pa-jaro-r-r-r-ito," over and over. They were mostly Mexicans. Many had come all the way from Tijuana to see Ricardo Moreno,

the man in the black velvet robe, the man they called "Pajarito"—"Little Bird." They were proud of him. His great heart and his fists had brought him from the obscurity of Chalchihuites, Mexico to Hollywood, big-time U.S.A. To them he was symbolic of Mexican pride and manhood.

The newspapers called him a killer. He was. Every one of his 32 victories had been by knockout. Twice he had lost decisions, but mostly he punched them silly.

On the other side of the ring was José Luis Cotero, born in Mexico City. He appeared to be the perfect kind of opponent to serve up to the Little Bird in his third U.S. prize fight—not too fierce, not too tame, not too good, but no pushover. Cotero was wrapped in an old blanket, huddled almost as if in misery. The crowd scarcely noticed him. He was just the catcher for Pajarito's punches. If he had any of the Little Bird's pride, it was hidden somewhere, possibly beneath the folds of the old blanket. In any case, Cotero did not display it until the bell rang. Then one of the bloodiest fights in West Coast ring history got under way.

It was over in the seventh round. Moreno, the Little Bird, just sat down, and it was over. He had been punched senseless. His eyes stared, unseeing, as the referee began the count. His legs, stretched out in front of him, could not lift his body.

The stunned crowd saw Cotero's arm raised in victory. They saw something—was it pride?—shining from his one good eye; the other had been squashed like a ripe tomato by a savage Moreno left hook in the fifth

round. Cotero was bloody and dazed, but he knew he had won, and he smiled with satisfaction as he wrapped himself in his old blanket. He was lifted high in the air by his jubilant handlers so the newspapers could get a better picture of his poor broken face. He looked like the loser, yet his hand was held high in the air. Across the ring Pajarito sat gently smoothing his long, straight black hair. He looked curiously at the going-on in Cotero's corner. Curiously, but respectfully. So did the others.

WITH THE PIONEERS

AN ANCIENT PROBLEM of anglers has been to cast a light lure or fly a long distance. One solution is the modern spinning outfit. Another and more effervescent answer was proposed last week by Ben Callaway, a Denver outdoor columnist. Take along some Alka-Seltzer tablets, he advised frustrated fishermen, and bore a small hole in each one. With a short length of string, tie a nut or bolt or other weight to the tablet. Then run your line or leader through the same hole. With the added weight, you can cast far out. When the tablet hits the water it will dissolve and release the weight, and you're in business.

Almost simultaneously Mr. Robert Gatley of Raleigh, N.C. announced a new lure of his own invention, the Bubble-Burper. Before casting his plug Mr. Gatley inserts an Alka-Seltzer tablet in a built-in holder. He claims that fish come clear from the other end of the lake to investigate the bubbly bait. To prove his point, Mr. Gatley actually catches bass on the plug.

We're not sure yet whether this is a trend, but to be on the safe side we turned it over to one of our fishing editors last week. He has just come up with his own contribution: a hollow plug into which a seven-to-one Martini is poured. When the plug is cast and drawn through the water the Martini dribbles out through a tiny hole, attracting fish (he says) that would spurn any ordinary lure. "What's more," he claims, "after you've fished that lure for a few hours, refilling when necessary, you can switch to the Alka-Seltzer job. By that time there'll be a real market for a hangover remedy, and you can take your limit in no time at all."

Our fishing editor is a knowledgeable chap, and we respect his opinions in such matters. All the same, we can think of other uses for a pitcher of ice-cold Martini.

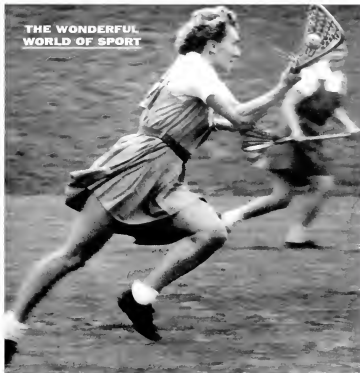


NATURALLY

You see this hat boy? Do not frown
Or, nervous, twist your hat.
He simply hangs there upside down
Just like the other bats.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

**THE WONDERFUL
WORLD OF SPORT**



JANET WALDE OF THE WESTCHESTER TEAM MAKES A SOLID DASH TOWARD THE BOSTON GOAL WITH THE BALL BOUNCING UPON HER STICK



SCRAMBLES AND

HARRY LEIPOLD (LEFT) LEAPS HIGH. MILORDB BARNES (BELOW) FALLS





LINDY SARAGOSSA, ALL-AMERICA OF BOSTON, CHARGES ACROSS FIELD WITH BALL IN ALL-STAR GAME AS OPPONENT RACES IN TO BLOCK HER

SPILLS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY THIOLO

FOR TWO DAYS staid Hunter College in New York was the site of fierce Amazonian battle as members of the fair sex dropped their everyday activities as housewives, students and career girls to don short jumpers, colorful sashes and cleats and engage in furious combat in the U.S. Women's Lacrosse Tournament. When the girls finished flailing away at the ball and each other, 12 of them received positions on the All-America squad as well-earned balm for the contusions and scrapes picked up in the hurly-burly of play. Philadelphia, the capital of women's lacrosse in the U.S., again proved its superiority by dominating tournament play and earning seven All-America berths.

WESTCHESTER CENTER WALDIE BEATS BOSTON COALIE ROBERTA BRENNAN FOR SCORE



SMALL DOG HAS BIG DAY

AS SHOW DOGS GO, Ch. Fircot L'Bal-lerne of Maryland, a miniature poodle owned by Mrs. Saunders Meade of Devon, Pa., was seriously out-weighed by most of the 2,500 fine dogs assembled by their owners and handlers at the Morris and Essex show in Madison, N.J. Moreover, Fircot's top competition was keen—a spunky little Pomeranian known as Little Lord Wilkin, a majestic Old English sheep dog named Merriedip Duke George, a debonair Airedale with the fitting name of Westhay Fiona of Harham and a lordly black cocker, Hickory Hill High Jack—not to mention a basset, Siefen-jagenheim Lacy Bones, who looked sage enough for speaking parts on television. But experienced Judge Lewis Worden was obliged to award the winner's rosette to little Fircot ("wonderful condition, wonderful spirit") for still another triumph for one of the most popular breeds of mid-century.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD MEEK



CREAM-COATED MINATURE POODLE, HELD ALOFT BY HANDLER RUTH SAYLES, WAS BEST

BUCKING THE HEAT, ST. BERNARD WEARS TOWEL SEE TO KEEP DRIBBLES FROM COAT



OLD ENGLISH SHEEP DOG WON IN WORKING GROUP



PONDERING OVER THE MERITS OF A POMERANIAN, VICTOR IN TOY GROUP, BEST-IN-SHOW JUDGE LEWIS WORDEN DECIDES TO PASS HIM BY



COCKER CAPTURED SPORTING GROUP CROWN



AIRDALE WAS AWARDED TERRIER HONORS



BASSET WAS CHOSEN BEST IN HOUND GROUP

SAM WINS A DUEL IN THE SUN

Indianapolis glory went to a tipped-over engine and
a grimly exultant veteran in the fastest '500' ever

by KENNETH RUDEEN

AN OLD PRO using all his resources to win a major triumph is one of the great spectacles of sport. Last week an old pro named Samuel Dwight Hanks Jr. showed us that again when he drove the Brickyard's 41st 500-mile race faster than any man before him. At the finish he lifted a clenched left fist in a gesture of fierce exultation which conveyed all the agony of desire and the fulfillment of victory.

Hanks broke the late Bill Vukovich's 1954 record of 130.840 mph by nearly 5 mph. Beyond that, Hanks won with an experimental car in its first outing, took the Speedway's first \$100,000 winner's purse and helped dispel what might be called the Novi myth—the traditional article of faith that, barring accident or mechanical failure, the Novi races are unbeatable. And Hanks did it all before possibly the largest "500" crowd of all—around 200,000.

In the vanguard of the spectators were those hundreds who parked outside the gates overnight, awaiting the 4 a.m. dash to choice locations in the infield. Some dozed in their cars; others fretted away the hours of darkness at a marathon midjet race or a frowny carnival whose collection of female freaks paraded as "Hell's Belles."

The morning of race day was warm and mildly hazy. Fifteen minutes before race time the Metropolitan Opera basso, Jerome Hines, sang the traditional *Back Home Again in Indiana*. Then Speedway President Anton Hulman Jr. was saying, "Gentlemen, start your engines," and a swarm of colored bal-

loons soared from the Tower Terrace, the new stand behind the pits.

Now the 33 race cars—angle-parked in the pits instead of in the customary grid formation on the homestretch—moved noisily onto the track behind the Mercury pace car. It was, however, an inauspicious start. On the first line-up lap, Rookie Elmer George bumped Eddie Russo's car from behind, and both were out of the race.

Out on the bricks Driver Pat O'Connor took the green starting flag in the inside front pole position and led a ragged formation across the line and safely through the first turn.

EARLY TUSSELE

O'Connor held the lead for five laps. Big Troy Ruttman, winner of the 1952 race, who should have been abreast of O'Connor on the front row at the start but was off slowly, swooped past the pole car in the southwest corner at the start of the sixth lap. A real scrap was on, but, as so frequently happens, this early sparring meant nothing. Ruttman, one of a half dozen solid favorites, driving one of the fastest cars on the track—the latest from the phenomenal stable of Tulsa's John Zink, whose cars had won the last two races—was out of it at the end of 12 laps with a broken piston. O'Connor began to slip back, eventually to lose any chance because of a damaged shock absorber.

When the Ruttman-O'Connor duel ended, the essential race began—an exhibition of virtuoso driving by two of the oldest and saltiest campaigners at



A REMORABLY GAY EXIT AT INDIANAPOLIS:

the Speedway, Paul Russo and Sam Hanks. Short, thick and blacksmith-strong, 43-year-old Paul Russo had started 10 previous "500s." He had led strongly in 1956 before crashing on the 32nd lap. This, the Novi partisans were thinking, would be the year. True, they admitted, the Novis had never won a race in the 10 years they had been entered, and two drivers had been killed in them. But just wait until one gets through without accident or mechanical difficulty, they said.

If Russo and his Novi teammate, Tony Bettenhausen, were the sentimental favorites, Hanks attracted the most curiosity. Owner George Salih had tipped the Offy engine in Hanks's mount over on its side, just 18" off horizontal, to produce the lowest center of gravity and the most effective streamlining among the entries. As shop foreman at the Meyer-Drake Offenhauser plant in Bell, Calif., Salih had blueprinted the horizontal-engine scheme in 1952 and had been refining



WINNER SAM HANKS AND BLONDE WIFE ALIDE ARE LEAVING THE SCENE OF THEIR TRIUMPH, SURROUNDED BY CHEERFUL POLICE ESCORT

it ever since. It had taken nine months to build the car, and the entire practice period to make it behave at high speed.

Few drivers, however, can make a car mud like Samuel Dwight Hanks, and no one, going into last week's race, had had more Brickyard experience. In his 11 previous "500s" he had turned more competitive laps at Indianapolis than any other driver on the Speedway this year. Third-place finishes in 1952 and 1953, and a sensational second last year after a collision early in the race and a save-the-wagon-train kind of sprint through the field with a damaged car, had given him a strong zest of the laurels. Above all, Hanks had always driven with the kind of competitive fire that Indianapolis demands. He had won the National Midget Racing Championship in 1941 and 1949, and the AAA big car championship in 1953, and he led in the current USAC stock car standings. At 42 he was still in excellent physical condition. His 142.812-mph qualifying aver-

age placed him on the fifth row, abreast of the 1956 national big car champion, Jim Bryan.

When Ruttman retired, Paul Russo barged into the lead on the 12th lap, ahead of O'Connor, Hanks and the canny veteran, Fred Agabashian, with Rookie Eddie Sachs, Bryan and a charging Tony Bettenhausen struggling for fifth place. Hanks soon passed O'Connor and closed in on Russo. Inexorably he chipped away at Russo's big lead.

FIVE STOPS

Hanks's low yellow roadster caught Russo's blue Novi on the 36th lap. Thereupon Bettenhausen made the first of five costly pit stops. Russo's car was functioning well, but no matter how close he came to Hanks on the long straightaways, the other's lighter and more nimble machine always lost him in the corners.

Russo's failure to hold Hanks when both machines and drivers were fresh

clearly demonstrated that, while the Novis may surpass the Offe for sheer speed, they cannot at present lap the Brickyard faster than the best Offe over a sustained period of time. Some oil invariably spills on the track during the "500," and it bothers the Offe far less than the heavier Novis.

"When I caught Russo and stayed ahead of him," said Hanks later, "I figured I had a real terrific chance to win. The more that oil spilled on the track the better my car went and the worse his went. I saw Paul bring the Novi out of a real nasty slide out there. In the whole race I had just one tiny little slide."

While Hanks and nearly everyone on the grounds were concentrating on this duel with Russo, an astonishing new challenge was in the making. It was obscured by the first flurry of pit stops. When the field settled down again a red-helmeted figure in a bright blue car with the number 26 was hurrying up

continued



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DUEL IN THE SUN

continued

through the pack. For the first 60 laps Driver Jim Rathmann and No. 26 had been thoroughly ignored. And then, there it was on a bulletin in the press box: No. 26 in fifth place after 70 laps (175 miles). Fifth. He hadn't been as high as 10th only 10 laps before.

The yellow caution light had been on for nearly 13 minutes after Jimmy Daywalt crashed in the northeast corner on the 54th lap, an episode which distracted attention from the standings, so Rathmann's move from the last row to fifth place in 70 laps was all the more surprising. It began to border on the incredible when Rathmann was credited with first place as Hanks made his second pit stop with a little less than half the race yet to be run, and when Hanks actually had to overtake Rathmann to regain the lead after both their second pit stops.

There were three more accidents—Al Keller hit the south wall; Mike Magill crashed into the wall at the top of the homestretch, and Al Herman crashed into him; and Rookie Don Edmunds, the last new man left in the race at this point, spun in the northeast turn—but Rathmann now was getting all the attention he so richly deserved before.

If Rathmann had been able to urge a little more speed from his car toward the end there would have been a dogfight between him and Hanks. As it was, Hanks went in front on the 134th lap and widened the gap with ease, keeping the lead when they both pitted once more. He picked off slower cars fiercely and surely on the straights and in the corners ("I went over 'em and under 'em in the corners and between 'em if I had to on the straights," said Hanks. "I don't like to follow cars. I figure if you follow a car long enough you'll get into trouble").

Winner by 21 seconds over Rathmann (almost the same margin as his defeat by Pat Flaherty last year), Sam

Hanks rolled into victory lane to collect a kiss from his lovely blonde wife, Alice, and Film Star Cyd Charisse. He wept. He said he had won the big one and would not race again, except possibly to fulfill some stock car commitments, not even in the competition between Indianapolis drivers and European stars at Monza, Italy, June 29. "The only way to drive this race is hard and smooth—use all the track and drift right up against the wall in the turns."

The new, smaller Indy engines (reduced from 274 to 256 cubic inches) slowed potential lap speeds a bit, but the caution signals were out for only 31 minutes and 41 seconds. That, with Hanks's decision to keep his foot down hard, substantially explains the new record of 135.601 mph. In fact, Hanks's race was the safest "500" in years. Only Magill had hospital treatment—for a chipped vertebra.

These things are logical enough. What bemused many was the ghostly quality of Rathmann's climb up the ladder. Four owners—of the cars driven by Bryan (a brilliant third), Russo (fourth), Andy Linden (fifth) and Bob Veith (ninth)—were so bemused that they tossed the biggest collective protest in the history of the Speedway. They withdrew their protests when the timing officials reviewed the official double-check system of scoring.

Rathmann's pit crew, reinforced this year by the Daytona Beach stock car mechanic Smokey Yunick, did its work 26 seconds faster than the Hanks men. Finally, Rathmann had the lightest car (1,600 pounds), built by California's Quincey Epperly, who also turned out the body for Hanks's car. It had a unique one-piece fuel-tank tail which held 83 gallons, more than any car except the Novi.

Epperly thought the car just might do 500 miles on one pit stop, on a nice cool day that wouldn't cause too many tire changes. It staggers the imagination to think what Rathmann might achieve on that day.

(F.R.D.)

THE TOP 10 FINISHERS

DRIVER AND CAR NUMBER	CAR NAME	AVERAGE SPEED
Sam Hanks, Pacific Palisades, Calif. (9)	Belrod Exhaust Special	137.601
Jim Rathmann, Miami, Fla. (26)	Chiropractic Special	135.382
Jim Bryan, Phoenix, Ariz. (3)	Dean Van Lines Special	134.246
Paul Russo, Gardena, Calif. (54)	Novi Special	133.818
Andy Linden, Indianapolis (73)	McNamara Vendor Special	133.645
Johnny Boyd, Fresno, Calif. (6)	Bowes Seal Fast Special	132.846
Marshall Teague, Daytona Beach (48)	Samar Special	132.745
Pat O'Connor, North Vernon, Ind. (12)	Samar Special	132.281
Bob Veith, Oakland, Calif. (7)	Bob Estes Special	131.855
Gene Hatley, Indianapolis (22)	Manuska Hanks Special	131.345

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Magnificently mellow and of incomparable flavor, 12 year old Chivas Regal is a blend of the Highland's rarest whiskies...and the most wanted premium Scotch in America.



The glory of a sumptuous garden is framed in the picture arches of a stately manor. In this baronial setting, Reveal the finer, Scotland's prince of manors, as shown in an bronze-size portrait, painted in the style of the baroque period.

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Most advanced car at any price—The Big M Turnpike Cruiser. Here's a super car—the very top of Mercury's dream-car fleet. Everything is different: the beauty you see, the magic you feel, the features you command. A brand-new world of luxury awaits you. Nothing is wanting—except you at the wheel.



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THE BIG MERCURY for '57 *with DREAM-CAR DESIGN*

MERCURY DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY

INVERNESS REVISITED

Next week the old Ohio club, the scene of thrilling battles in 1920 and 1931, will be host for the third time to the National Open Golf Championship, the game's premier event

ON THE MORNING of Thursday, June 13, the 57th edition of the United States (or National) Open Golf Championship will get under way at the Inverness Club on the outskirts of Toledo, Ohio. Some 57 hours later, shortly before twilight on Saturday afternoon, the thousands of spectators lining the fairways and the millions watching on television will witness the conclusion of an event that is almost annually so bristful of drama that it takes hours to uncoil from the tension of the final hours. Down the concluding holes of the 72-hole grind come the contenders, looking both larger than life and as lonely as orphans as they walk the roped-off fairways, fighting to stave off their weariness and to retain their poise, their concentration, their "feel," so that they can play the shots that can win for them. Perhaps the World Series and an occasional championship fight pack an equal dramatic voltage, but few other sports events do, and an exciting Open can hit so hard that those who have seen it, either first- or second-hand, never forget it the rest of their lives.

If what has happened the two times previous when the championship has been held at Inverness is any indication of the shape of things to come, the 1957 Open should be a memorable one. In 1920, when Inverness first staged the event, five extremely colorful golfers came down the stretch with an excellent chance to win it. Eventually, Ted Ray, the huge, mustachioed, long-hitting Englishman, won by the margin of one stroke over Jack Burke Sr., Leo Diegel, Jack Hutchison and the immortal Harry Vardon (see page 52). Looking back at it, that tournament signified the passing of one era and the advent of another. It marked Vardon's last great effort to win yet another major crown, and it also marked the first time that Bob Jones and a swarm of other youngsters, nameless kids like Gene Sarazen, Tommy Armour, Leo Diegel, Johnny Farrell and Bill Mehlhorn, competed in the Open. In 1931, the second (and most recent) time the Open was held at Inverness, a record marathon playoff ensued. Tied at 292 at the end of 72 holes, Billy Burke and George von Elm played an extra 36 and were still tied. So, another 36 were decreed, and at the end of this second

playoff—at the end of 144 holes, in fact—Burke was the winner by a single shot. Von Elm lost 15 pounds over the long haul. Burke, an incredibly pacific fellow, gained three.

Since the Open has long been a measure of greatness, the men with a good chance to win it practice and prepare for it as they do for no other tournament. In an effort to break out of his long and beleaguering slump, Cary Middlecoff, the defending champion, took himself home to the Memphis Country Club early in May. There he instituted an intensive daily regimen: at least two hours on the practice tee, at least a half hour on the practice green, a daily round with professional colleagues (golfers, not dentists) and lots of solid, uninterrupted rest. The bulk of Middlecoff's practice

has been devoted to his short irons which are still far from satisfactory. "I think the rest of it is coming," he declared recently after a practice session, rousing a touch of the old Middlecoff assurance. "If I can get it wired together and make it hold for three days, I'm going to beat somebody."

For a final competitive tune-up, Middlecoff played in the Palm Beach Round Robin tourney. Ben Hogan did too. At Inverness, Ben will be making his fourth attempt to become the first man ever to win the Open five times. Hogan usually

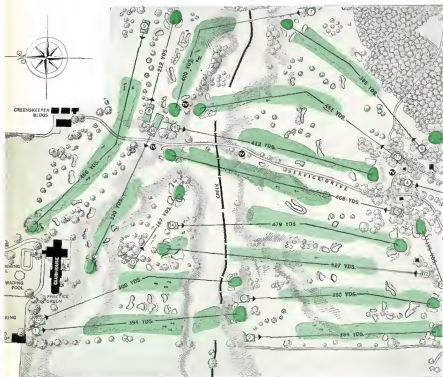
passes up all pre-Open events, but this year, following his disappointing showing in the Masters, he has played a string of tournaments, trusting that in the crucible of competition he will recover his old sureness on the greens and that essential knack of getting your figures during those unavoidable patches when you must get down in two from off the green for your par. The narrow fairways at Inverness will favor a pinpoint driver like Hogan, but the course, uniformly fair and untricky and responsive to steady shot-making, is, in truth, a layout on which any one of 30 golfers could win. It could be Sam Snead, entering his third decade in quest of his first Open victory. It could be the three-time British Open champion, Peter Thomson, the sound young Australian who led the field at the halfway mark last June. It will probably be, as it historically has been on such courses as Inverness, a good, solid golfer for whom the putts start dropping. It should be a wide-open Open.

57TH U.S. OPEN

PLACE—Inverness Club, Toledo, Ohio
DATES—June 13-15
TYPE OF TOURNAMENT—72 holes, stroke play
PURSE—total \$25,000; first place, \$6,600
DEFENDING CHAMPION—Dr. Cary Middlecoff
TELEVISION COVERAGE—Saturday, June 15 (NBC, 4-7 p.m. EDT)

OPEN BATTLEGROUND

Professional golfers have long had an affection for the Inverness course and for the club where, in 1920, they were welcomed as gentlemen for the first time



THE ORIGINAL course of the Inverness Club, laid out in 1903, consisted of nine holes which cut back and forth over what is, for the most part, mildly undulating terrain. Just previous to the 1920 Open, the ubiquitous Donald Ross, the architect of that period, was called in to fashion 18 holes of championship caliber. Golf courses, to be sure, date fairly quickly as equipment and techniques advance hand in hand. To bring Inverness once again up to modern championship standards for the 1957 Open, the club called on Dick Wilson, that extremely skillful architect whose recent works include the new Meadow Brook, the new Deepdale and Villa Real in Havana.

Working with the Open Committee—Robert A. Stranahan, the father of the two-time British Amateur champion, Frank, served as honorary chairman; James J. Secor, a large convivial man whose bulk and verdant mustache preserve the glory of the Ted Ray era, served as general chairman—Wilson's changes were selective rather than wholesale. A number of greens were tightened by revising the trapping. A few new back tees were added. On several holes where

the fairway traps were situated only 200 yards from the tee and were virtually out of play for professional golfers, these old traps were filled in and replaced by new, active traps cut 30 yards or so farther down the fairway flanks. For the Open the fairways will be narrowed, and their width will run from 31 to 40 yards. In line with the USGA's policy for the Open, the greens will be bordered by a close-clipped 30-inch apron, then by a six-foot stretch of two-inch rough graduating into five-inch rough. Inverness will be a pleasant and authentic test of championship golf, but, at the same time, the experts are predicting the lowest scoring the Open has produced for years. Lloyd Gullickson, the Inverness pro, estimates that the winning total will be 280—an average of 70 per round—or lower. (The record low total for the Open, by the way, is 275, set by Ben Hogan at Riviera in 1948.)

In 1920, over the old course, Ted Ray achieved his victory by playing four steady, very respectable—rounds—74, 73, 73, 75. Perhaps the prototype of the driver-niblick-putter breed of successful tournament golfers, Ray virtually won the championship on the 7th hole, a shortish par 4 which doglegs to the left. On each of his rounds Ted picked up his birdie by cutting the corner with clouts that carried 275 yards in the air (see page 62). The present 7th is some 20 yards longer than in Ray's day and the trees in the angle of the dogleg have grown a great deal taller, but the hole still presents a player with a fine chance for his birdie. The 6th, 11th, 12th and 18th are also eminently birdiable. The toughest holes to par, unquestionably, will be the 4th, 5th, 9th, 14th and 15th.

Pipes and lockers

Ray was the last "foreigner" to win the title and, at 43, the oldest man ever to win the Open. A commanding, persuasive personality, Ray had a fondness for playing with a large Sherlock Holmes-type pipe stuck continuously in his mouth. This started at Inverness a sudden rush on the local tobacconists, many of the young and hopeful golfers figuring that the lack of a pipe was probably the only thing holding them back from par-busting performances. Among the golfers who embraced the overnight fad was the present Open Committee chairman, Jim Secor, in 1920 a fairly good, if nervous, young amateur who was trying to gain a place in the field via the qualifying rounds which preceded the tournament proper. As he played the 3rd hole, Secor thought he smelled something burning. So did his playing partner, Otto Hackbarth. In his nervousness Secor had stuck his pipe in his back pocket when he was playing the first hole and had forgotten all about it.

In the hearts of all professional golfers, there is an especial affection for Inverness. During the 1920 Open, the pros were accorded the full hospitality of the clubhouse, the first time this was ever done anywhere. Previously, professional golfers had had to change their clothes in downtown hotels or in their autos and were generally regarded as not good enough for the clubhouse. Inverness shattered this foolish prejudice and set a healthy new precedent. After the tournament, led by Walter Hagen, that man of innate taste and grace, the pros presented to Inverness, as a token of their gratitude, a handsome hall clock which stands in the club's main foyer. A brass plate on the clock bears a formal inscription and the following verse:

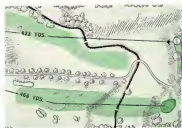
*God measures men by what they are
Not what in wealth possess
This vibrant message chimes afar
The voice of Inverness*

THE INVERNESS CLUB

Toledo, Ohio

TV—TELEVISION TOWERS

Illustration by Jack Kuntz



HOLE	YARDAGE	PAR	HOLE	YARDAGE	PAR
1	394	4	10	409	4
2	384	4	11	390	4
3	179	3	12	627	5
4	486	4	13	167	3
5	473	4	14	479	4
6	385	4	15	488	4
7	400	4	16	412	4
8	212	3	17	451	4
9	456	4	18	330	4
OUT	6,995	34	IN	2,414	28
				2,305	34
TOTALS				6,919	70

THE AGE OF VARDON

So amazing was the longevity of Harry Vardon that at Inverness in 1920, 24 years after his first major victory, he all but captured his eighth national championship

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

FOR SOME YEARS now it has been customary, and logical, to speak of Harry Vardon, Bob Jones and Ben Hogan as the three greatest golfers of all time. Everyone knows who Hogan and Jones are—Ben has accomplished his wonders within the past decade, and Bob's are still remembered vividly. But who was Harry Vardon? There he is, grouped along with Hogan and Jones as automatically as Nod is with Wyken and Blynken, Chance with Tinker and Evers, Marx with Hart and Schaffner, but, aside from the facts that he was an early English golfer who used the overlapping grip and was defeated by Francis Ouimet in the playoff for the 1913 Open title, Vardon is one vast vagueness for most present-day enthusiasts. Of course he shouldn't be. He is not placed alongside Hogan and Jones as a gesture of courtesy to our sensitive forefathers. Vardon belongs there.

The reason for this sudden awareness of Harry Vardon—beginning this month his name will be popping up with regularity all summer long—is that next week the 1957 National Open will be played at the Inverness Club in Toledo, where Vardon lost a memorable Open by a stroke in 1920, and, furthermore, that in September the National Amateur will be held on another course that always brings Vardon to mind, The Country Club in Brookline, Mass., where the astonishing young Ouimet outplayed Vardon and Ted Ray in that historic playoff for the 1913 Open championship. Harry, it must be said, was a few shades past his peak on both these occasions. He was



THE GREAT HARRY VARDON (1870-1957)

43 at The Country Club, and he had turned 50 at Inverness. In this last instance, his age alone, you could say in truth, prevented him from winning. With nine holes to go, 2 over par for the tournament up to that point, he stood well in front of the field. Even a 41 on the in-nine would give him a total of 295, a stroke better than the lowest score on the board (turned in, incidentally, by Jack Burke Sr., the father of the present PGA champion). As Harry

stood on the tee of the long 12th, or 66th, a terrific storm suddenly swept in off the lake. It was just too much for the old boy. In very much the same way that Ken Venturi lost stroke after stroke down the stretch in the 1956 Masters, Vardon didn't play any really bad shots, but he needed quite a lot of time to reach the greens and then he couldn't get down the short putts he needed to rescue his pars. He staggered in at length in 42, quite exhausted. His old compatriot, Ted Ray, eventually won the tournament, and Vardon tied for second with Burke, Diegel and Hutchison, a shot behind. Had Vardon managed to win at Inverness, it would have been an absolutely marvelous achievement, for he had carried off his first major championship, the British Open, a full quarter of a century earlier, back in 1896! Talk about holding your form over a period of years!

During the era in which Vardon flourished, our National Open was only beginning to gain its present luster and importance. The big one then was the British Open. Vardon won it in 1896, 1898, 1899, 1903, 1911 and for the sixth and last time in 1914. (J. H. Taylor and James Braid, Vardon's two illustrious contemporaries who, along with Harry, composed what was known as The Trumvirate, each won the British Open five times.) You will note that there is a gap of eight years, from 1903 to 1911, between Vardon's fourth and fifth victories. The explanation is unusually dramatic, and a lot more than that. In 1903, when he was the

continued on page 62

ALUMINUM HELPS YOU ENJOY LEISURE

In the past few seasons, Alcoa® has been telling America about the hundreds of things made from aluminum that make your leisure days more productive of fun and pleasure. We've called this activity Playday, USA.

In leading sporting goods stores everywhere, as well as in department and other types of stores, you'll see displays of products made from Alcoa Aluminum, along with the identifying theme Playday, USA.

The big thing about aluminum is that products made from it cost no more than most other quality products . . . often less. But they save you so much on upkeep and last so much longer that their

first cost is usually the last. You get years of pleasure from them without spending extra money each year to keep them serviceable.

Learn what America does with its 121 days of leisure, by reading the next five pages.



EVERY THIRD DAY IS A PLAYDAY IN THE USA

If you are an average wage earner, with two weeks vacation plus week ends and holidays, your leisure time adds up to 121 days a year. For you, every third day is a Playday.

You spend three times as many days away

from your job as you did in 1929. You earn far more money and you have more of it to spend on leisure . . . an aggregate of \$30 billion a year.

Yes, for you, every third day is a Playday!



18 MILLION FISHERMEN

Actually there must be many more than 18 million fishermen, but this is the number who bought fishing licenses in 1955. It doesn't include those who needed no licenses, or those who do their angling in salt water or their own well-stocked ponds or private lakes.

And these millions of fishermen spend \$39 million for licenses plus \$1.5 billion for equipment. They travel a total of 7 million miles a year... a lot of it by air.

Incidentally, a good chunk of the money spent on equipment goes for aluminum. Fishermen, who hate backlashing reels have gone all out for those made largely from aluminum. Aluminum's light weight cuts down inertia so that the reel leaps into full speed as the

line plays out during the first spilt second of a cast.

Aluminum is one of the easiest of all metals to machine into the closely fitting parts that make up good casting or spinning reels. It holds its bright surfaces in spite of frequent wettings that would quickly tarnish or corrode other commonly used metals.

The line-up of aluminum fishing equipment now available is enough to make a fisherman shiver with pleasure: rod cases, feather-light reels, landing nets. Then, of course, there are aluminum lanterns, flashlights, tackle and bait boxes, minnow cans... just about anything made from metal, for fresh or salt-water fishing is better if it's made from light, durable aluminum.

ALUMINUM BOATS AND MOTORS, TOO

You just can't talk about fishing without mentioning boats and motors as well, for boating is a close runner-up to fishing as America's favorite leisure time preoccupation for the whole family.

Since 1953, Americans have doubled the amount of money spent on boats and outboard motors. It now tops a quarter-billion dollars a year!

Here, too, aluminum with its strength and lightness has had a lot to do with making us a nation of boatmen.

There's an aluminum boat for virtually every purse and purpose, from 7-foot car toppers to 44-foot houseboats. You can even get an aluminum boat that comes apart and fits into the trunk of a car or stows among your luggage for plane or train trips.

If you've ever gone on a canoe trip, you can appreciate having a boat that can be easily carried over a portage. And there's nothing equal to an aluminum boat for duck hunting in marshland because when one channel gets too shallow you just pick up the boat and carry it a few feet to another more promising channel.

But you really appreciate an aluminum boat when less fortunate owners are trying to get their boats ready for another season. While everyone else is scraping, painting, calking, replacing planks and worrying over dry rot, you've already had a couple of weeks of carefree, early season boating.

If you're unlucky enough to spring a leak or punch a hole in the aluminum skin, patching the leak is generally quick and simple . . . and the boat is as good as ever.

If your boat is a bit big for car-top haulage, the lightweight trailers now being offered provide a happy solution. Your back yard can house the biggest boat your budget can stand. And many mooring sites have ramps for getting the boat in and out of the water from a trailer. When there's no launching ramp, two people can readily lift most aluminum runabouts or utilities from the water and onto the trailer.

THE MIGHTY MIDGETS OF BOATING

Back in 1921, an outboard motor was a massive contraption of brass and iron that gave both man and boat the shakes. It was slow and short on power. About that time, Alcoa joined hands with outboard motor builders and things began to happen. They've been happening ever since.

Today's outboard motors develop up to 40 horsepower. They can drive a good-sized boat at a smart 30 miles an hour. And few people would care to drive an automobile at the speeds reached by racers powered by outboard motors.

Built-in controls make them as easy to operate and steer as a new car. And they're almost as quiet as your brand-new automobile.

On the slow side, the same engine that can hit racing speeds can take your boat at snail-like trolling pace.

The wonderful thing about these aluminum motors is their portability. The most popular of them are light enough for most men to easily lift into the trunk of a car or swing to the boat's transom.

Here, too, aluminum has contributed far more than light weight. Aluminum has a remarkable ability to absorb and transfer heat from cylinders to cooling water. It reduces vibration. Above all, it fights corrosion and reduces upkeep. It takes beautiful finishes that last years longer because rust can't loosen them.





NIMRODS, TOO

A hundred and fifty years ago, America was full of red-blooded hunters and woodsmen. Everyone in the family had to be a crack shot and clever tracker, for much of the family provender had to be stalked, outsmarted and dragged home in the gamebag.

In terms of sheer numbers, there are many more hunters today. But hunting nowadays is a thrilling leisure-time pursuit rather than an economic necessity.

In 1955, hunters bought 16 million licenses and spent more than \$150 million on equipment. When the various hunting seasons opened, they swarmed over millions of acres of open and private lands.

The really dyed-in-the-wool hunters drive and fly immense distances to satisfy their liking for the hunt. These men, and women, too, prefer living, eating and sleeping out of doors . . . are ready to do so at the drop of an autumn leaf.

Friendly Alcoa Aluminum has been a great help to the hunter.

In addition to the freedom from upkeep assured by aluminum, its light weight takes the cut out of tumpkins when heavy pack loads have to be portaged.

In the past few years, there has been a strong trend to aluminum for guns and accessories. Rifles and shotguns now employ aluminum forgings or die castings for receivers, triggers, magazine parts, grips and frames. Experimental aluminum barrels have been developed for both shotguns and rifles.

Overseas loading companies use aluminum cases for shotgun shells, and some American loaders are trying them. You can get aluminum rifle scabbards, loading presses, sights, scope bases, spotting scopes. And virtually all binoculars are made of light metal.

Hunting trips can be as luxurious as anyone could wish. Meals can be cooked in style . . . with aluminum cookware. Aluminum ice chests provide the ice for a drink or preserving a dressed out bird. Zephyr-light jugs, chairs, tent poles add little to the burden, lots to comfort.

PLAYDAY PLACES

Before leaving the subjects of fishing and hunting, we'd like to remind sportsmen of the enormous increase in recreational facilities made possible by the National Park and Forest System. There are over 200 million acres open to the public. In 1955 alone, 48 million people made use of them.

Typical of these are the giant lakes of the TVA system and the 100,000-acre Lake Texoma. All are stocked with game fish. All are a Mecca for those who want good fishing . . . or just a day's outing climaxed by a meal cooked out of doors.

About 80% of American families eat at least one meal a week out of doors during the summer months. Last year, these families spent \$79 million on outdoor cooking equipment.

Much of this was aluminum equipment, too, for aluminum and food have always gone well together.

A good example of a popular item is the portable aluminum grill with collapsible legs . . . so easily taken along in the family car or set up quickly on the patio . . . so easily cleaned and stored when its job is done.

And of course there are such items as picnic jugs, sand wch boxes, cooler chests, bug bombs, lanterns and flashlights. There's a picnic table that seats a couple of families, yet folds down to card table size for easy transport and storage . . . strong enough for a man to stand on, yet so light a child can carry it.





ALUMINUM AND SPORTS

No discussion of Playday, USA would be complete without touching on the year-round sports interests of Mr. and Mrs. America.

Industry alone spends \$800 million for sports equipment for employee sports programs . . . more than all the colleges and schools in the country combined. Some 30,000 companies have continuous sports programs ranging from table tennis to baseball.

Americans spend better than \$40 million on golf equipment alone. And one of the most popular buys is the aluminum golf cart that takes all the burden out of caddying.

Because of their light weight, sturdiness and complete freedom from upkeep, aluminum sporting goods are high on the wanted list come Christmas, birthdays or anniversaries. And it's quite a list . . . from badminton rackets to ski poles, from canoe paddles to binoculars.

PLAYDAY PHOTOGRAPHY

Whether it's a fishing trip or a back yard clam bake, Americans love to record the event on film. Better than \$50 million a year is spent on photographic equipment.

Here, too, Alcoa Aluminum has helped make photographic Playdays much more fun for America's shutter bugs.

More, perhaps, than anyone else, a man whose hobby is photography wants only the best in equipment. Not only does he want the best, but he wants it to look like the best that money can buy.

The gleaming, precision parts of a good camera are usually made of aluminum. Not only does aluminum lend itself to precision workmanship, but it greatly reduces the weight. True, not much weight is involved, but the lighter the camera the easier it is to hold steady while focusing and shooting.

Similarly, aluminum is the ideal metal for photographic lights. Not only is it light and strong, but it can take a wonderful finish on reflector surfaces. A chemically applied protective coating makes this mirror-bright reflective surface almost indestructible as well as efficient.

You can run right down the list of photographic equipment . . . enlargers, tripods, film holders, developing tanks, light meters . . . aluminum is used to make them better and longer lasting.



...and when you cook
outdoors—don't
forget



WRAP salad greens prepared ahead of time. Stay crisp and fresh for hours.

COOK corn wrapped in Alcoa Wrap. Tuck into coals. So juicy tender!

COVER bowls, platters and serving trays. Keeps everything clean. Use same foil for left-overs.

CAP jellies, joes, salad dressing. Keeps contents pure and fresh. Fits tightly.

Sports Illustrated's second American Sportswear Design Awards go to two men who gave women a sporting look

THE WINNERS!

by JO AIERN

More than 300 notables in the world of fashion gathered at New York's St. Regis last week to dine, watch a fashion show and wait for the announcement of the 1957 ASDA winners, secretly elected by 400 sportswear experts. The 20 nominees were chosen by famous

retailers: Elizabeth Fairall, Nan Duskin, Hector Escobosa, Andrew Goodman, H. D. Hodgkinson, Stanley Marcus, Dorothy Shaver, William C. Stetson, Elliot Walter; and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Fred Smith. The winners, whose names raised the St. Regis roof, were:

BILL ATKINSON

and

SYDNEY WRAGGE



"The sportswear designer who, during the past year, has made the most significant contribution through a specific collection, idea or innovation."



"The women's sportswear designer who, by his or her creation of a distinctive mood, has continuously contributed to the American Sporting Look."

FOR the past several years Bill Atkinson, specifically named Designer of the Year, has designed for a way of life—first as an architect, for the past six years as a creator of women's sports clothes. In Bill's book, the good life is definitely suburban—he lives with his wife and two daughters in Westport, Conn. in a New England coach house which is in a constant state of Atkinson-imposed reconstruction. The fabrics he uses look Early American—(calico, country cords and tweeds), are up to the minute in use of new fibers and finishes which make them easy to wear and care for. He creates six small "wardrobes" each year, a boon to travelers and sports enthusiasts. His clothes are most likely to be found wherever there's a road race, a field trial, a golf foursome or just a crackling fireplace.

WHEN Sydney Wragge, winner of the Sporting Look Award, started designing, shirts were worn only by men and there were probably not more than a few hundred women golfers in all the land. With the "seisure" revolution, women snatched up his men's shirts and asked for skirts to go with them. Thus Wragge was both mover and beneficiary of the first mass swing to spectator sportswear. He sized up the needs of winter vacationers, applied an artist's use of color, texture and detail to the serene and elegant fabrics he likes to use. Wragge, too, lends the life he designs for, in Rye, N.Y. and in Florida with his wife and three young daughters. His clothes are favored by a social set that travels the world, including most aptly, the most serene of them all, Princess Grace of Monaco.

CONTINUED



THE WRAGGE WOMAN

The classic combination of silk shirt and skirt worn above by Model Betty Bridgers in a fashion show at ASDA dinner is a typical "Wragge." Ever since the Wragge woman became a design reality in 1938, her creator has attempted to dress her inexpensively in expensive-looking clothes. He pioneered in mass production methods, developed the idea of coordinating colors by dyeing different fabrics to match. Innovations claimed as his include the first sleeveless dress.

THE WINNERS continued

THE ATKINSON WOMAN

Swinging down the runway, Suzanne Dadolle typifies the well-set-up young American female that Bill Atkinson likes to dress in outdoorsy fashion. The rough-knit linen sweater and tapered corduroy slacks are of fabrics that men like to wear themselves. Other Atkinson favorites are equally mannish: leather, covert, Shetland tweed, the kind of Paisley prints used in men's ties. Further suburban note: His collections have names such as Country Squire, Gentry and Thoroughbred.





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American flavor. The modern patterns capture the best of the contemporary mood—the colors are lively, stirring. In sheer, light cotton batiste. Short sleeves, \$4.00; long sleeves, \$5.00.

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First, he is a man who knows his own mind. Note how he has made a beeline for the Lord Calvert. Very significant.

Second, he is a thoughtful host. He is about

to offer his friends their *choice* of the world's three great whiskies. A great Scotch. A great Canadian. And the greatest of all *American* whiskies—our own Lord Calvert.

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TENNIS

Now you can play it better

J. DONALD BUDGE and **ARTIST ED VEBELL** combine with the tennis editor of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** to analyze and interpret the basic strokes of the game

by **WILLIAM F. TALBERT**



AT ONE OF THE NUMEROUS CLINICS THEY HOLD FOR YOUNG ENTHUSIASTS BUDGE AND TALBERT DISCUSS A PROSPECT

TENNIS is a game anyone can play. Swinging a tennis racket properly comes just as easily and naturally as throwing a ball or swatting a fly or performing any of the other untutored everyday movements that are virtually automatic. So the fun you get out of the game depends directly on how much effort you are willing to devote to memorizing and perfecting the simple tenets of the four basic shots—the serve, forehand, backhand and volley.

On the following eight pages I have set down and interpreted, step by step, the way Donald Budge, one of the truly great champions of all time, plays these shots. There are, of course, limitless variations, and these you will learn with practice and competition—just as in dancing you embellish the simple fox trot into the rumba, the tango or the mambo. But first, learn these fundamentals as they are demonstrated by the only man who ever scored the grand slam of tennis by winning the Australian, French, Wimbledon and U.S. championships in the same year (1938).

I would not want to imply that anyone can become a champion—even of the local club—just by imitating Budge. Like any competitive game, tennis involves far

more than technique—for instance, temperament, concentration and the will to win. Yet these are of little significance if you don't have the proper strokes. The strokes are the weapons of tennis. Without them you are not even equipped for the battle.

The payoff on a good tennis stroke, as with a good boxing punch, depends on how much of the body's power can be compressed and unleashed—like a tightly wound spring—and thrown behind the shot. This means coordination—of feet, knees, hips, hands and shoulders. So it is worth repeating that you will only achieve this coordination—once you have mastered the technique of the stroke—through practice. Fine, you may say, but supposing there is no one around to practice with. The answer to that is: use a backboard as much as possible; it is the practice fairway of tennis and many of the finest players have polished their shots against it.

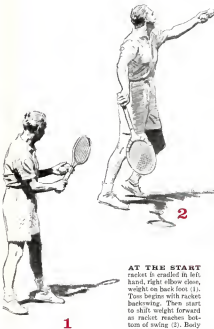
Now, turn the page and begin the lessons, preferably learning the fundamentals one stroke at a time. If you do, you will be surprised how much more fun you will have on the court, no matter what kind of company you play in.

THE SERVE

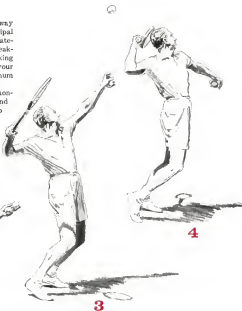
It is the major offensive weapon . . .

The serve, which was originally designed simply as a way to put the ball into play, has evolved into the principal attacking weapon of tennis. As such, it should immediately put the receiver on the defensive by playing to his weakness and forcing him out of position. Thus, when working well, the serve breathes confidence into the rest of your game and gives you the opportunity to get the maximum benefit from the rest of your shots.

There are three principal types of service—the cannonball or flat serve, the slice and the American twist—and the same basic rules of stance and delivery apply to each. Their variation lies in how the racket head strikes across, or into the ball and in the follow-through to left or right. The service grip is the same as that used for the backhand, with the handle held firmly but not too tightly.



AT THE START
racket is cradled in left hand, right elbow close, weight on back foot (1). Toss begins with racket backswing. Then start to shift weight forward as racket reaches bottom of swing (2). Body coil builds up power (3).



IT IS A UNION

The service requires the coordination of two separate activities aimed at bringing the ball and racket into perfect union at the top of the swing. First, you should take a position about four or five feet from the center of the base line, allowing you to either hit down the middle or angle the serve across court. The left foot, pointing at a 45° angle toward the base line, should be two or three inches behind it to avoid the possibility of a foot fault, and the right foot should be about 18 inches behind the left. The weight is evenly distributed between the two. The racket is tilted at a slight upward angle with the throat cradled gently in the fingers of the left hand. The balls should be held comfortably in the fingers, not in the palm. Relaxation and balance are the most important keys to the stance at this particular moment.

The stroke begins with both arms commencing their separate actions simultaneously. The right arm moves back like a pendulum, the wrist remaining in a natural, uncocked position until the racket is overhead and behind the

... so learn to control it

AS FORWARD motion starts the ball approaches peak (4). Toss must be accurate with body thrown forward, ball met at full extension of racket and arm approximately 24 inches in front of base line (5). The left arm serves as a good counterbalance.

More than any other stroke, the serve accents the importance of the left—or throwing—arm, since the shot cannot be hit properly unless the racket meets the ball at the top of the throw. A common mistake is trying to hit "down" into the opposite service court; the ball already has a downward motion, so hit it away from you as if you were trying to throw the racket into the opposite court.

The fastest serve is not always the best, so it is wise to first develop control and to learn changes of pace with twists and spins. On the flat serve and slice, the ball is struck on the right side of the head with the racket following through to the left side of the body. The American twist finishes on the right side of the body, and the exaggerated spin it gives the ball offers more control.



OF TWO MOTIONS

back. When your elbow has reached the height of your shoulder in this continuous, circular backswing, the wrist is broken and the racket head drops. Then the forward thrust begins. As the wrist snaps the racket head forward, you achieve the feel of "throwing" the racket—just as if it were a baseball—across the net and into the service court for which you are aiming. The follow-through is natural with the weight shifting entirely to the left foot. Once the ball has been struck, the right foot follows across the base line in the direction the ball is taking, thus returning you to the anticipatory position from which you are ready to begin the next stroke (see next page).

At the same time, the left arm has thrown the ball—in a natural, easy motion—to a point where the racket will meet it at the absolute top of the toss—the ball neither rising nor falling at the point of impact. This requires intensive practice, inasmuch as the toss must instinctively place the ball where the racket will strike it at a maximum height without overreaching.



SNAP WRIST forward, pointing racket head to receiving court (6), shifting weight to left foot, which pivots only slightly throughout. Thereupon right foot is pulled naturally forward, bringing the body back to anticipatory position (7 and 8).

THE FOREHAND

THE WORKHORSE of tennis is the forehand drive, the staple of the game for most players. It can be the big stick with which to beat down your opponent or the last bulwark of defense when all else fails. The best forehand is the simplest, and none proves the point better than Budge's. When Don hits the shot it is a free and effortless movement, a fluid sweep with the arm and racket as one.

The forehand and backhand—the so-called ground strokes of tennis—are useful in direct proportion to their pace, depth and accuracy. Pace and depth come only from the perfect blending of those magic ingredients of any good athletic stroke—coordination and timing; or, in simpler terms, the ability to lean your weight and strength into the shot at the exact moment you strike the ball. Accuracy and the ability to place the ball you will learn by subtle shifts in the distribution of your weight. It is about evenly divided between the two feet on shots down the right side line; on cross-court shots it is shifted to the left foot somewhat sooner.

One added point on ground strokes: never neglect the follow-through. Hit the ball with confidence and decision and always *finish* the shot.



THE ANTICIPATORY POSITION

This is your position of security to which you return after every shot. The body, well relaxed, is poised on the toes, weight forward. The racket is cradled in the left hand, ready for next shot.

FINISH of shot finds the racket head slightly above shoulder level to give free and confident follow-through (8). The weight remains forward as arm and racket action pull right side around to anticipatory position and the left hand resumes its hold on racket.



FIRM WHIST propels racket forward, full body weight leaning in, racket head below wrist, elbow away from body (6). With arm fully extended, hit the ball comfortably about 18 inches in front of the left foot (7). The eyes must always be fixed on ball.





1



2

START MOVING from the anticipatory position (1) as soon as you sense the direction of the incoming ball. Never taking your eye off the ball, pivot on right foot and cross over with left, keeping body sideways to net (2). Put your entire weight on back foot and counterbalance with left arm.

TWO PERFECT ARCS

On the forehand, each arm should describe a perfect arc in the course of the stroke. The left arm follows the right arm into the hitting position and starts the racket head on its backward motion before turning the work load over to the right. As the right arm takes over, it completes the backswing with the racket head high. Then the right shoulder drops, guiding the racket into the bottom of the arc just before it meets the ball. As contact is made, the full face of the racket is brought across the lower inside of the ball. The wrist is cocked until point of contact when it locks with the forearm to utilize full power. The left arm swings forward and around in front of the body. The stroke is always completed with a full follow-through.



3



4



5

RACKET HEAD continues back, reaching top part of arc, face of racket still open (4). Elbow and arm straighten as the racket head travels below ball and weight transfers to left foot. Left arm leads forward thrust (5). Note fluid body motion.

THE BACKHAND

THE BACKHAND drive is executed on the same mechanical principle as the forehand drive. Properly hit, it can be just as effective as the forehand. The average player finds the backhand shot more difficult than the forehand, but actually it should be easier because you're swinging away from your body. Contrary to the general belief, it should be an attacking and not a defensive weapon.

Budge's backhand, the strongest shot in his repertoire, is a classic stroke without an ounce of lost motion. Note especially his perfect weight distribution—from left to right—and his free and easy follow-through. A good rule is to get as close to your work as possible without cramping so as to meet the ball comfortably in the center of the racket head. You should never be so far from the ball as to feel you have to make an undue effort to reach it. Note also how the elbow, as in the forehand stroke, is held close to the body until forward motion starts—then straightens to release coiled energy.

The left arm is unusually important to a good backhand. To start with, it does most of the work in taking the racket back to the start-forward position. From this point it serves an equally vital function in helping achieve and maintain balance. An interesting and sound formula to follow is that of executing a perfect circle in preparing for and completing the shot. Wait for the shot from the squared position (always on your toes), pivot, swing, follow through and return to the original position, waiting for the next shot.

THE LAST STEP is a pivot on the right foot (9) to bring feet, knees, hips, shoulders, head, eyes, arms and racket back to anticipatory position (1). The circle of action is then complete.



NATURALLY following through, racket ends at shoulder level or slightly higher (8). Body remains collected yet relaxed, leaning into the stroke. Left arm counterbalances and permits a full and easy follow-through motion (7 and 8).



RACKET HEAD starts below flight of the ball, right shoulder well down (6). Right arm is straightened, brought around body. Hit into and straight through (7), transferring weight from left leg to right.

BASEBALL SWING is analogy used by Budge to describe backhand motion. Don has likened it to swing of Ted Williams.



1



2

ANTICIPATORY
position (1) is facing
net, on your toes for
quick movement, with
racket held easily in
both hands, elbows in
close. Then pivot on
left foot (2) as left arm
pulls racket, torso back.



3

THE PERFECT CIRCLE

The backhand must be a fluid and continuous motion, not a series of separate acts performed one after the other. Properly executed, the steps are simple and related, creating a natural sequence without hesitation or acceleration. Starting with the anticipatory position in the backcourt, the right hand is relaxed on the handle, the throat of the racket cradled lightly in the left. As the ball approaches you move into position, following the flight of the ball. That is of the utmost importance. The left hand guides the racket until the downward arc begins, when the right hand tightens its grip. At point of contact—approximately 12 inches in front of the right foot—the ball should be met waist high. If the bounce is low the knees should be bent more to meet the ball at its height. The shot should be made with a firm grip, the wrist straightening and locking naturally at the time of contact.



4



5



6

BODY PIVOT (3)
comes next, stepping
over with right foot so
back is half turned to
net. Right hand makes
 $\frac{3}{4}$ turn to left for grip
change and receives
work load as racket head
reaches point of
arc (4), is about to
drop into position (5).

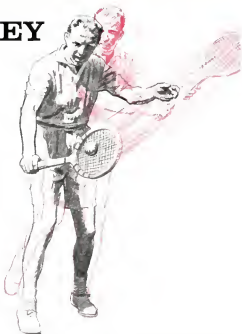
THE VOLLEY

THE KNOCKOUT PUNCH of modern tennis is the volley. It should be used aggressively, but only when you are in a strong offensive position—able to keep your opponent off balance and finish the point with a briskly hit placement.

Since you are never more vulnerable on the court than when approaching the net, do so behind a strong—and preferably deep—forcing shot. And never attempt a finishing volley or half-volley on the way up to the net. Once there, assume a position about halfway between the net and the service line. The best players, like Budge, play closer to the net, since the most effective volley is a downward shot hit above the level of the net. But only experience will teach you how close you can play without leaving yourself easy prey to a lob.

The volley is a short, crisp stroke—like a boxer's jab—requiring no backswing and little follow-through. The one exception is the drive volley, of which Budge is the master. This is a stroked shot against a soft return, so there is a backswing and follow-through; since it is almost invariably a point-ender, the ball should be hit flat or with slight overspin to put it out of reach.

The best net stance is a slight forward crouch on the balls of the feet for better agility. If you must play a low volley, bend down to it—don't just drop the racket head—and use the shot to defend your position. You score the killers when the ball is higher than the net cord.



SHORT PUNCH characterizes the backhand volley (above) as well as the forehand. With the racket head held slightly above your wrist, the racket travels about 12 to 18 inches as you take a short step into the ball. The angle of the racket head is increased with lower shots.

THE GRIP

Budge, like most of today's leading players, uses the eastern grip on all forehand shots, making a quarter turn of hand and fingers to the left to hit his backhand and serve. The advantage of this grip is that it is the most comfortable, easiest to switch from forehand to backhand and most convenient for both high and low strokes. There are, however, some acceptable variations, such as the western grip favored by the great champion Bill Johnston and the continental grip that Fred Perry used so effectively. Yet each of these presents its problems: the western can be extremely awkward for low shots, and the continental deprives you of power. Whichever grip the player may use, the basic mechanics of the shots described on this and the preceding pages remain the same. And so, only a couple of fundamental precepts are mandatory: once the shot has been decided upon, never change the grip; and always relax the grip between shots to avoid tiring hand and arm.



BACKHAND

HAND ON TOP of racket with the V between thumb and forefinger pointing to the left shoulder at impact is the proper position for this grip—also used for serve. For ground strokes extend thumb back of handle for support.



LIKE CATCHING BASEBALL, you start the volley with the racket head where the mitt would be. Then, taking a short forward step with the left foot, the arm and racket as one lever make their short, sharp movement into the oncoming ball. The

best volleyers are those who confine themselves to the essential motions of the shot and thus minimize the area in which they operate. When hitting a volley above the level of the net cord, snap the wrist; lower volleys must be played with wrist locked.



FOREHAND

SHAKING HANDS with the racket is a good way to assume this grip, making sure the handle extends behind the heel of the hand. Important: the grip is the one and only contact between you and the ball, so make it firm.

AGE OF VARDON

continued from page 12

reigning champion, Vardon suddenly was stricken with tuberculosis. He entered a sanatorium in Mundesley-on-Sea in Norfolk, where the doctors immediately took his pipe and his clubs away from him and prescribed a fairly sedentary existence for many months. He was well enough to play in the 1904 British Open, though he was certainly not his old self. Despite several later recurrences of his illness he managed to play in each ensuing British Open and generally to maintain an active position at the forefront of his profession. Then, in 1911, at the advanced age of 41, regarded as almost a has-been, the old master effected that stirring comeback that saw him win two more British Opens (1911, 1914), barely fail to take two others (1912, 1913) and undertake on top of this an extensive American tour in which he was apparently hardy enough to play almost a match a day, digest American railroad food as he traveled continuously between matches and to all but carry off our Open in 1913. This was Harry's second visit to our country. He had made his first American tour in 1900, and that year he did win our Open.

Vardon's standing as one of golf's three greatest players rests partially on his splendid record on two continents, but only partially. It was how he played golf that gave the name Harry Vardon its especial ring and sent it sounding down the decades. To begin with, despite the fact that the implements he played with were primitive by modern standards, he was the straightest player who ever lived, no question about it. In one stretch, for

example, he is reported to have played seven consecutive tournament rounds without once hitting the ball off the fairway. When he first visited our country at the turn of the century, his accuracy was so confounding that it nurtured the famous mythological story that Harry never liked to play the same course twice the same day: on his afternoon round he had to play out of the divot marks he had made that morning his first time around.

Vardon's own countrymen, though more advanced in golf at that time than we, were no less impressed by his angular ability to hit one shot after another right down the middle. The better to study how he did it, some pioneers of technique arranged to have him stand on a grid of white lines chalked on the tee of a hole which had been carefully selected for the experiment: a large, spreading tree stood menacingly on each side of the entrance to a very narrow fairway. At the tee Harry asked the scholars if they were ready. They were. He teed up a ball and sent it winging slap down the middle, bisecting the opening between the trees. He moved to one side and the scholars charted the position of his feet in reference to the point where he had teed the ball. Would he hit another now, they asked. Gladly. He stepped up and slapped another drive dead-straight down the slender fairway. And that is the way it continued without variation—Vardon casually splitting the trees and the fairway on drive after drive and pausing long enough between strokes to let the posse of scholars graph his footprints. Their investigation, interestingly enough, disclosed that Vardon's stance in relation to the ball varied a wee bit

from shot to shot, and from this they made the very sensible deduction that golf was not an out-and-out cold science hut, rather, something of an art.

HENRY COTTON, that latter-day British champion and insatiable student of golf, was, to be sure, too young to have assisted at this experiment or to have watched Vardon during his peak or near-peak years, but he did have several opportunities to observe Vardon when the old champion was well into his 50s. "One afternoon when my wife was taking a lesson from Harry," Cotton was saying recently, "I asked him if I could stay around and watch. He agreed on the grounds that I would not interrupt, which I didn't, of course. When the lesson was over, I asked him if he would hit a few shots for us. He took a very old niblick that had an absolutely smooth face, not a marking on it, and proceeded to hit a batch of balls to a green about 125 yards away. He hit the balls so squarely that the face of his club was almost solid white when he finished, just as if someone had daubed a paintbrush across it. All of the balls finished within two or three yards of the flag. When I congratulated Harry on his wonderful demonstration, he shrugged it off by saying, 'Oh, I remember when I could back myself to hit every one within a few feet of the pin.'"

Indeed, during his best years Vardon was as accurate with his brassie as most tournament players are with their short irons. He consistently hit full brassie shots within 15 feet of the pin or closer. This is no old golfer's tale: no one before or since has been in his class when it came to hitting a long wood to a green. There was a great



RAY'S WAY: The heavy line denotes the route Ted Ray took to convert the 7th, a short par 4, into the hole that won the 1920 Open for him. Ted picked up four birdies here, cutting the corner boldly each time.



PIPE IN MOUTH, TED RAY CLOUTS A LONG ONE. VARDON WATCHES


deal of power in Vardon's swing—he was long as well as accurate—but this power was concealed by a seemingly effortless style, and all that a spectator was aware of was the way the ball soared toward the green in a high parabola and floated down so easily that it practically had no roll on it at all. Vardon contacted the ball, on all standard strokes, at the beginning of the upswing. He had molded his swing during the era when the golf ball was a solid glob of gutta-percha, and the "gutter" had to be hit for carry, to be swept away. He won his first championships playing the gutty, his last with the "modern" ball, where elastic stripping is wound tightly around a small rubber core and encased in a thin cover of gutta-percha. Men who watched Vardon play with both balls rarely hesitate when asked with which one he achieved the higher degree of skill. The gutty.

A man of medium size and moderate physique, Vardon had an enormous pair of hands. He was the first great gripper, although he was not, as he is frequently credited with being, the originator of the overlapping grip, the one we still adhere to today with only mild modifications. The true inventor of the overlapping grip—it supplanted the "palm grip" in which the two hands were separated about the way they are when you grab a baseball bat—appears to have been one Mr. J. E. Laidlay, a crack amateur who took that British championship in 1889 and 1891. This grip was gradually adopted by the up-and-coming professionals in the '90s. Taylor and Braid used it as well as Vardon. How it came to be referred to as the Vardon grip is one of

continued

THE HOLE THAT WON FOR RAY

Vardon's touring partner in 1913 and 1920 was Ted Ray, a large-boned Jerseyman who was one of the longest hitters of that era. British Open champion in 1912, Ray had his erratic days but, when his powerful swing was in the groove, he could take any course apart in a spectacular manner. Ray owed his victory in the 1920 Open to his mastery of the 7th hole, a short, sharp dogleg par 4, where he picked up his birdie 3 on each of his four rounds by audaciously going straight for the green, whacking four titanic drives that carried 275 yards in the air, well over the trees in the angle of the dogleg. Ray twice drove just short of the green. The other two times he actually drove the green.



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AGE OF VARDON

continued

those things that one can only guess at. Perhaps it was simply because Harry was using that grip when he won three championships in four years and completely captured the imagination of his contemporaries. Vardon himself never claimed to have originated it.

IN any event, Harry, like few men, realized the full significance of the role a good, correct grip plays in the execution of the golf swing. (Only one other fundamental was ever faintly comparable in importance, he believed: keeping the head steady.) He arrived at his version of the overlapping grip after a year of constant experimentation. "I tried every conceivable means of holding the club," he related in one of his instruction books, "and the one I have described proved to be indisputably the best. It did not come naturally to me but it was well worth the trouble of acquiring. It seems to create just the right fusion between the hands and voluntarily induces each to do its proper work." There was no "master hand," as Vardon saw it. Each contributed equally.

Vardon's great grip was the heart of one of the truly great styles of all times—perhaps the most attractive swing between the coming of golf and the coming of Jones. Until the coming of Vardon, the old St. Andrews-type swing, flat, exaggeratedly wide and lengthy, consciously muscular, served with few exceptions as the basic model for young men who were out to govern the gully. Vardon introduced a revolutionary style: the upright swing. He stood with his feet generously separated, the right foot toed out a bit, the left foot toed out markedly so that there would be nothing to impede the club head in coming through fast. His left arm bent at the elbow, he started the club back on a normally lateral course but, when his hands were hip-high, he would wheel his shoulders and his upper trunk into a brisk, full turn that gave his swing a pronounced and, for that day, unorthodox verticality. "To come down," Henry Cotton was explaining not long ago, "Harry simply straightened his left arm. With that one movement he was just where he wanted to be: in the perfect position to hit from the inside out." On his irons, Vardon took no turf, just brushing the grass with his club head as he swung through to a high finish. He was a master of the controlled left-to-right fade, which he played with more natural ease

than the hundreds of aspiring golfers who sought to imitate him.

When Vardon first flashed on the horizon in 1893 as a contender in the big events, those who watched him, Bernard Darwin among them, thought his style ungainly. The feature that bothered them the most was the abrupt way the club was lifted up on the backswing. When, as Bernard has recounted, he and his fellow golf enthusiasts found themselves absolutely smitten with Vardon's style some four or five years later, it was somewhat disturbing to them: they didn't know for sure whether Harry had always been as pretty as a picture and they themselves too blinded by convention to recognize it or whether Harry had really improved and refined his style and gained that compactness, that flow, and above all, that unimpeachable rhythm. Whatever was actually the case, professional and popular understanding of the correct method to hit a golf ball was entirely different after Harry Vardon



A MUCH SOUGHT-AFTER TEACHER in his later years, Vardon here patiently checks grip of illustrious pupil at his indoor school.

made his way to the top. Around the turn of the century, his influence on other golfers was as prodigious as Jones's was in the '20s and Hogan's is today, and it continued to be for decades. As late as 1916, John Duncan Dunn, a noteworthy instructor, stated that he could sum up in one sentence the message he would choose to impart to each aspiring pupil: "Wateer is Natural and Harry Vardon."

Harry never lost his swing. In his middle and late 30s, he was as unerring as ever from tee to green (if a little shorter), but on the greens he was the

continued on page 69

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excitement. Rubens painted this monumental canvas circa 1617 for his friend and patron General Logranes, commander of the Marquis de los Balbases' Spanish artillery in Flanders. As a study of animals it has few peers, and the human figures (the mounted couple supposedly is the artist and his wife) are commanding and purposeful.



7

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AGE OF VARDON

continued from page 64

victim of a strange nervous affliction in the right elbow (and wrist) that has plagued more than one aging golfer. "You never knew when it would happen, and Vardon didn't know when either," Archie Compston, the old lion of Bermuda, has said, "but that nerve near his elbow would sometimes jump — you could see it jump—just as Vardon was about to strike the ball on his short putts. When it did, he would hit a three-foot putt a foot or more off line, to the right of the cup. I played with him once when he completely missed the ball when he was trying to hole a two-foot putt." Gene Sarazen, similarly, remembers playing a round with Vardon in which Harry, faced with a four-footer, took a divot in the green three inches behind the ball. There was nothing Vardon could do about this affliction, and it was doubly pathetic since the rest of his game remained as smooth as silk. (Now and then you will hear that, even in his remaining days, Harry was an uncommonly bad putter. That isn't quite so. He was never an uncommonly gifted putter, but he was a good putter.)

HARRY VARDON was not one of golf's precocious geniuses. It took him a while to get there. He was born in 1870 in the village of Grouville on the island of Jersey, one of the Channel Islands that lie between England and France. One of the nine children of a gardener, he attended the local school where the schoolmaster was a young man named Boomer, whose two sons, Aubrey and Percy, were also destined to become prominent figures in golf. (At the age of 80, Boomer Sr. retired from teaching. He became a golf professional, assisting his son Percy at the St. Cloud Golf Club.) The fateful circumstance which oriented Harry Vardon, his brother Tom and the Boomers toward golf and which accounted for the incredible sprouting of a whole band of fine golfers on that out-of-the-way little island—Ted Ray was also a Jerseyman, as were the Benouls, the Becks, and the Gaudin boys—was created in 1877. That summer a group of English "strangers" obtained permission from the constable of the parish to lay out a golf course on a section of the common land. The terrain and grass were both so splendidly suited to golf that all that was necessary to do to devise a course was to cut the fairways with a mower and then roll the greens. In this speedy, economic

fashion the Royal Jersey Golf Club was born, and it was there that the local boys cuddled and played.

The Vardon who looked like the golfer in the family was Tom, a boy a few years younger than Harry. Harry was a pretty fair golfer—the boys played a lot by moonlight, incidentally—but he was at least as good, if not better, at soccer, the 150-yard dash and cricket. His boyhood ambition was "to excel at cricket." When Harry was in his teens, he was apprenticed to a gardener and, while he was learning that profession, he joined the local workmen's golf club. He was about an 8-handicap player at this time and might have gone on to be remembered locally as one of the best amateurs in the whole Channel Islands if his brother Tom had not had the gumption to go to England, land a job as a pro, write home about the good money a young man could make in professional competitions, encourage Harry to join him and finally locate a pro job for his older brother when Harry did come over. Harry's achievements, of course, quickly came to eclipse Tom's but Tom was a very accomplished golfer in his own right, a successful tournament player and a very successful instructor in both Britain and America. Even after Harry was the toast of every man on the face of the earth who could tell a creak from a muckron, his father, who certainly is entitled to a spot near the top in any listing of Famous Difficult Parents of History, continued to think of him as a gardener gone astray. Hard on the heels of Harry's third victory in the British Open, Vardon Sr. made the following pronouncement: "Although Harry may win the trophies, it is Tom who plays the golf." Well, as they say in the Azores, every man to his own bed of nasturtiums!

Harry had played in three British Opens and fared well in two of them when he made his breakthrough in 1896, at Muirfield. At that time the 18th hole at Muirfield was a difficult, dangerous par 4; it took two woods to get home, and you really had to hit two big ones, for a deep bunker, running almost the full width of the fairway, protected the green. Harry came to the 72nd needing a par 4 to beat J. H. Taylor. He hit a fine drive and then he couldn't make up his mind what to do, whether to gamble for his 4 by going for the green (and risk a possible 6 if his second buried itself in the face of the bunker) or whether to play short of the hazard with his second, settle for a safe 5 and take his

continued

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AGE OF VARDON

continued

chances of beating the redoubtable Taylor in a playoff. Vardon was an unusually candid man and, as he tells the story, he was standing by his ball, still wracked with indecision, when far down the fairway he spotted a trusted old friend who was gesticulating emphatically toward the ground short of the bunker. That was good enough for Harry. He played short and got his tying five, and then went out and beat Taylor in the playoff. By the time they came to the 36th hole, Vardon had the match pretty well wrapped up, and it was all over when Taylor, who had to try to reach in two, caught the far wall of that bunker.

... Twenty-four years later, at Inverness, in our 1920 Open, against the strongest field that had ever assembled for that event, Harry Vardon was still the finest golfer on the premises. There he was, with only seven more holes of the 72 to go, comfortably ahead of the field when that lashing storm came up as he started to play the long 12th. Struggling into the teeth of the wind, Vardon needed four full woods to reach the green on that 522-yard hole. He held firm on the 13th until he missed the two-footer he needed for his par. The effort was becoming—had become, in fact—too much for the old campaigner. He was still hitting the ball straight and with his native precision, but he could never quite collect himself on the greens. He three-putted the 14th. He three-putted the 15th. He three-putted the 16th. On the 17th—he could afford to drop no more strokes now—he was plain unlucky. He hit a fine second that missed clearing the ditch before the green by inches. That did it. Harry limped home in 42 strokes: 296, a stroke too many. It is really no tragedy when a man who has won six British Opens and one United States Open and everything else under the sun is denied one further victory, and yet, for all that, it is impossible to think about how close Vardon came to scoring a final fantastic triumph without being a little saddened that the old boy couldn't quite pull it off.

By nature Harry Vardon was an flamboyant and somewhat reserved man. Before a match, he would have two glasses of Bass' Ale with his lunch and then go out and quietly get down to work. He wasn't dour on the golf course, but he tended strictly to business and avoided all small talk. His color consisted of his consummate skill and the grace of his style. Off the

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course as well, he made no histrionic production of his enthusiasms, but they were there if you looked for them. For example, in 1896 when he became the pro at Ganton, his enduring fondness for soccer led him to organize a town team on which he played center forward. Five years later, when he returned from his first triumphant American tour, he rejoined the team, serving as goal tender now that his speed of foot had left him. He thought his colleagues in golf were exceptionally fine men, and believed that it was the steady contact with the game that accounted for their generosity of spirit. When he died in 1937 and was buried in the Totteridge Parish Churchyard, they were all on hand.

IN the light of the kind of man Harry Vardon was, it is interesting that the two choice Vardon anecdotes that have come down through the years would, taken by themselves, create the impression that he was the gruffest of characters. They are very diverting stories. The first took place on his first American tour when, during his exhibition in Chicago, a local left-handed star managed to insinuate himself into the exhibition foursome. The left-hander played way over his head. He could do nothing wrong that day and finished with a very low score. In the clubhouse after the match, earnestly fishing for a compliment, he said to Vardon, "Sir, I know you've played with thousands of golfers. I imagine you've played with quite a few left-handers. Tell me, who is the best left-handed golfer you ever saw?" Vardon paused very briefly. "Never saw one who was worth a damn," he grunted.

In the qualifying rounds for the 1920 Open, Vardon was paired with Bobby Jones, then a kid of 18 very much aware of the privilege that was his in playing with the venerable champion. On the 7th, they both cut the dogleg with their drives and had only little pitches left. Playing first, Vardon poked a tidy run-up close to the pin. Bobby elected to flip his ball up with a niblick. He looked up badly on the shot and skulled the ball over the green—fortunately there was a trap there to hold it up! Jones got down in three for his 5. He was still embarrassed by his performance and, as they walked off the green, thought he might say something to break the awkwardness in the air.

"Mr. Vardon," Bob said, "did you ever see a worse shot than that?"

Vardon said, "No." That exhausted the subject.

(END)

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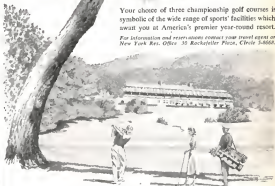
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When I first turned professional, I used to try to hit my tee shots with all the power I could throw into them. As I became more experienced, it began to dawn on me that this was not a very sensible practice. The extra errors I made by slugging hurt me more than the extra distance helped me. So I set out to become a more controlled driver, knowing that I would have sufficient length without pressing and that what I needed to do was to hit the fairway consistently.

On my tee shots I try to swing so that I remain in balance throughout the swing—right to the finish of the follow-through. As I hit through the ball and finish my swing, I make it a very definite point to keep my left foot firmly planted on the ground, in about the same position that it occupied at address. You are bound to roll a bit onto the left side of the left foot, but the important thing is to keep that left foot stationary. When most golfers slug, this extra effort causes their left foot to topple away over and frequently it swings around so that it is pointing right toward the hole. They cannot finish their body turn correctly and, badly off balance, they spray their shots both to the left and the right—they are impartial.

When I am going for extra distance, I lengthen my swing a little, but I don't try to swing harder, I try to swing better.



NEXT WEEK: JIMMY D'ANGELO ON COPING WITH SANDY LIES

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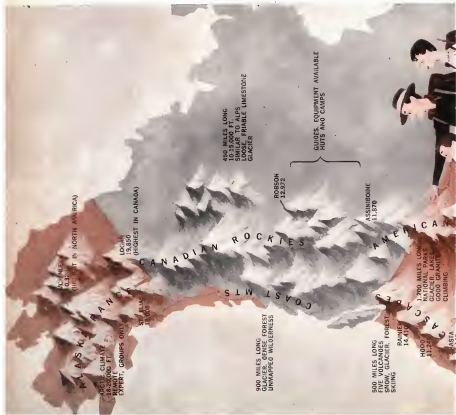
American climbers have some great
peaks right in their own backyard

by JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

At the request of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, the distinguished
novelist and mountaineering authority has prepared this
special guide to the great North American climbing coun-
try, excerpting and bringing up to date key passages in his
books, *High Conquest* and *The Age of Mountaineering*.

MOUNTAIN climbing to an American these days
and he is likely to come back at you with Annapurna,
K2, Kilimanjaro or Everest. This is all very well—it is
among other things evidence that mountaineering has
come of age—but it also points up the fact that Americans
are ignoring their own mountains of which they have
every reason to be proud.

Mountaineering, to be sure, means many different
things, and often opposing things, to different people.



For a specialized few it means ambitious expeditions and distant ascents—the Andes or the Himalayas. For another, comparatively small group it means an interest in complex climbing problems and the development and refinement of techniques. What most Americans don't realize is that excellent climbing, trekking, exciting, sometimes awe-inspiring, is available in abundance at home on the North American continent. In extent and variety, sweep and grandeur, the ranges and peaks of North America need to be considered inferior to none. From the Arctic Ocean to sun-drenched Panama, from Arizona's buttes and mesas to New England's friendly green hills, they march in rank after rank, range after range—a sky-line frontier of almost untouched wilderness above our whirling 20th century world of men and machines.

Biggest and wildest of North American mountains are those of Alaska. Chief among them is Mount McKinley, which, at 20,320 feet, is the highest peak of the continent and one of the earth's greatest single mountain uplifts out of a level lowland. The taller of its twin ice-capped summits has been reached twelve times, at widely separated intervals: first in 1913, again in 1952, in the summer of 1942 by an expedition composed of U.S. Army troops and many times in that decade.

All of the other major Alaskan peaks have been climbed — but none of them as frequently as McKinley. Notable among these are Foraker, near McKinley in the central Alaskan Range,



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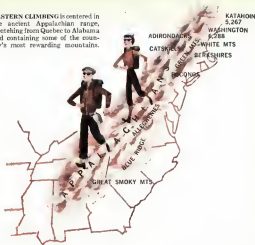


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THE UPPER CRUST

continued

always been, a formidable venture. Most of the ranges lie hundreds of miles from road or railroad; glaciers, snow fields and storms are of arctic dimensions; and any climbing party must be prepared not only to ascend a mountain but also to sustain life for many weeks in a hostile and savage wilderness.

Far different from the frozen Alaskan ranges are the Rocky Mountains of Canada. Extending for some 450 miles along the Alberta-British Columbia boundary, this magnificent chain of peaks has long been familiar to mountaineers, and virtually all its major summits have been ascended, not only once but many times. Today it represents as close an approach as exists in the Western Hemisphere to the great European mountain playground of the Alps.

Large sections of the Canadian Rockies are easily accessible, because the range is cut through by the main transcontinental lines of the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National railways. Along these lines are many fine resort centers, notably Banff and Lake Louise on the CPR, and Jasper, 150 miles farther north, on the CNR. Trails have been blazed, and camps and shelters established throughout the more frequently visited sections, and in the larger centers all manner of equipment and service—and even

trained Swiss guides—is available to climbers.

For the mountaineer, as for the tourist, the greatest charm of the range lies in its immense variety. Rock alternates with snow, glacier with precipice, gentle dome with thrusting spire, offering a choice to suit the tastes and abilities of every climber. On the debit side is the fact that much of the rock is decaying and unsound, making the going tricky and hazardous even on otherwise easy peaks.

Highest of the Canadian Rockies is Mount Robson, north of Jasper, which, though less than 13,000 feet in height, is nevertheless one of the most impressive and difficult peaks on the continent. Almost entirely a snow and ice climb, it has been surmounted several times since its first ascent in 1913, but only by well-organized parties of experienced climbers. South of Jasper and centering on the great Columbia icefield is a fine group of rarely climbed peaks, crowned by Mount Columbia, North Twin and Clemenceau. And clustering around Lake Louise are the most famous of the Canadian summits—Victoria, Lefroy, Temple, Hungabee, Mitre—and still further south is the dramatic spire of "the American Matterhorn"—Assiniboine. These latter peaks are known to thousands of vacationers and are climbed many times each summer by a variety of routes. Of all our North American mountains I would say that they offer

the best terrain for the intermediate climber who has served his novitiate on his quota of Knob Hills and Old Baldies and is ready for a go at the real thing.

West of the Canadian Rockies are the so-called Interior and Coast ranges of British Columbia. Because of their proximity to the Pacific Ocean they receive more rainfall and are more densely forested than their easterly neighbors and, as a result, are much harder of access. In recent years many of the higher peaks have been climbed—notably Mount Waddington in the Coast Range, an awe-inspiring steeple of ice-sheathed rock which for years was considered a classic example of an unclimbable peak. But plenty of virgin summits remain for the ambitious climber who would be a pioneer as well.

The two Americas front the Pacific with the longest mountain chain in the world—an almost continuous succession of ranges from the Arctic to Cape Horn. The coastal peaks of Alaska merge into those of British Columbia and they, in turn, into the Pacific Coast ranges of our own Far Western states. And then in Washington, Oregon and northern California, there are the Cascades and, farther south, the Sierra Nevada.

Pre-eminent among the Cascades is Mount Rainier near Seattle, the fourth highest peak and perhaps the most impressive individual mountain mass in the United States. An extinct volcano sheathed in snow and ice, Rainier builds itself up in long, easy slopes and is climbed many times each year by a great variety of routes. Paradise Valley near timber line is the starting point for many of the best climbs and is also one of the most attractive skiing centers in the country. Similar to Rainier, though on a smaller scale, is Mount Hood in northern Oregon. Technically it is also an "easy" mountain but, like its northern neighbor, it offers marvelous terrain for snow and ice climbing and open-slope skiing.

Continuing south into California the Cascades remain largely volcanic. Mount Shasta, the second largest of the Cascades, rises as a graceful snowy cone, beloved of postcard manufacturers. Nearby is Mount Lassen, whose eruptions in 1914 and 1915 make it the most recently active volcano in the United States. Farther south the Sierra Nevada rises. It gains

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largest of the Cascades, rises as a graceful snowy cone, beloved of postcard manufacturers. Nearby is Mount Lassen, whose eruptions in 1914 and 1915 make it the most recently active volcano in the United States. Farther south the Sierra Nevada rises. It gains



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THE UPPER CRUST

continued

in sweep and elevation, culminating in Mount Whitney's 14,496-foot summit, the highest point in the U.S. In spite of its great uplift, however, Whitney and its neighbors rise in gentle gradients, particularly to the west, where the tree line mounts to 12,000 feet and there is little bare rock below the summit ridges. Offering far more challenge to climbers is the region of Yosemite Falls, in the center of the state, where a maze of spectacular spires and domes provides rock-climbing of the first order, though at no great altitude.

John Muir, the distinguished naturalist, was one of the first to explore the Sierra, and he made the range known to Americans. Its lower slopes are covered with magnificent stands of timber, notably the giant sequoias, and its upland valleys abound with lakes, cascades and waterfalls. The Sierra, I feel, is our loveliest mountain range, and for camping and tramping can be excelled nowhere else in the country.

Some 500 miles east of the Cascades and the Sierra and separated from them by the Great Basin region of Nevada, Utah and Idaho lie the Rocky Mountains. The American Rockies are the heart of the West and the broadest, most rugged section of the backbone of North America. Unlike their Canadian continuation in the north, they are in no sense a single, unbroken chain of peaks, but rather a huge complex of many chains, subdivided into many separately defined groups. Taken over all, the Rockies are not "mountaineer's mountains." Vast though they are,

they are for the most part simple in contour and of subdued relief; the dryness of their climate leaves them with little snow or ice, and many of the loftiest summits can be reached by simple walking, or even on muleback.

Happily, though, there are exceptions if one knows where to find them.

In the northern Rockies, which comprise the ranges of Montana and Idaho, the most spectacular peaks and finest scenery are to be found in the Lewis Range, centering on Glacier National Park. Bold, rocky summits, together with many small glaciers and countless lakes, make this section one of the most attractive and most frequented playgrounds of the West. Farther south and east there are also Montana's Beartooth Mountains, which

present a jagged uplift of great wildness and scenic splendor. Granite Peak (12,850 feet), their highest summit, was not climbed until 1923 and is considered one of the more difficult ascents in the Rockies.

Just south of Yellowstone National Park the central Rockies thrust upward in a series of magnificent bold peaks known as the Teton Range. The Tetons are not large in extent and have almost no snow or ice during the summer climbing season; but their principal summits—among them Grand Teton (13,766 feet), Mount Owen and Mount Moran—are considered by many mountaineers (including myself) to provide the best rock-climbing in the country.

Still farther south, the Wind River Range of western Wyoming has also proved attractive to climbers. Gannett Peak, highest summit in the group as well as in the state, was not conquered until 1922, and the nearby rock spires of the Titeomb Needles still offer a challenge to expert cragmen. Other important ranges of the central Rockies include the Big Horn and Absaroka Mountains of Wyoming and the Wasatch and Uinta Mountains of eastern Utah.

The mountains of Colorado are the highest and most extensive of the Rocky Mountain system, range following range in bewildering number and complexity. Here are concentrated four-fifths of all the peaks in the country exceeding 14,000 feet in height, as well as a host of others so numerous that even today some have yet to be named. Loftiest of the ranges are the Sawatch Mountains, which culminate in Mount Elbert and Mount Massive, the second and third highest peaks in the United States. Other outstanding summits include Longs Peak in Rocky Mountain National Park, north of Denver; Pikes Peak, near Colorado Springs, with its famous auto road to the top; and Lizard Head, a spectacular pinnacle in the San Miguel Mountains, which defied all attempts at ascent until 1920. Most of Colorado's peaks, however, present few climbing difficulties. Likewise, the southernmost Rockies in New Mexico boast several lofty ranges but few peaks of individual prominence, and this is also true of the extensive semidesert region of northern Mexico. In the latitude of Mexico City, however, there rises a group of tremendous volcanic peaks, of which the three greatest



—Citlaltepetl (Orizaba), Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl—are higher than any other mountains on the continent south of the Canada-Alaska border. In western Guatemala, too, there is a great uplift of volcanic cones. None of them is as high as the giants of Mexico, but they are numerous and together form one of the world's most impressive groups of volcanoes.

Extending from Colorado to Pennsylvania, the plains of the Mississippi Basin form one of the greatest flat areas of the globe. They are broken at wide intervals by small uplifts such as the Ozarks of Missouri and Arkansas and the Black Hills of South Dakota (which offer excellent rock-climbing on a limited scale); but it is not until some 1,500 miles have intervened that the earth's crust again buckles upward into the second extensive mountain region of the United States. This region, known generally as the Appalachian Highlands, stretches in a series of ranges from southwestern Quebec to the northern tip of Alabama. It is one of the oldest mountain systems in the world—weathered, rounded and heavily forested—and nowhere attains either the elevation or the ruggedness of the western ranges.

The best known of the Appalachian ranges are those of the New England states. Maine's Mount Katahdin (5,267 feet), which lifts its isolated peak some 80 miles north of Bangor, is in the heart of the largest and most fascinating wilderness area remaining in the East. Southwest of it, in northern New Hampshire, are the historic White Mountains, subdivided into the Presidential and Franconia ranges. The White Mountains have long been a famous summer playground and in recent years have also become a great center for winter and spring skiing. Mount Washington (6,288 feet), the highest elevation, boasts a hotel on its summit, with both an auto road and a cog railway connecting it with the state highways below. For those who prefer their mountains unmechanized there is also a labyrinth of beautiful footpaths, both above and below tree line, and convenient shelters scattered among the slopes and ravines.

Except for infrequent and scattered cliffs, neither the White Mountains nor any of the other eastern ranges provides climbing in the Alpine sense. Up to timber line, at about 5,000 feet, the going is principally through great slanting forests and along the rocky

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THE UPPER CRUST

continued

margins of brooks; on the bare ridges above it are overturned masses of broken boulders. The only hazard is the weather, which, even at these comparatively low elevations, is subject to sudden and violent change. Indeed, wind velocities recorded at the summit of Mount Washington have gone to an incredible 231 miles an hour—the highest neotomadic winds recorded anywhere in the world. Too many hikers and campers have met with accident, and even death, through taking these unspectacular and usually gentle mountains too casually.

South and west from New Hampshire almost every state of the Atlantic seaboard presents at least one attractive mountain area. Vermont has its Green Mountains, Massachusetts its Berkshires, New York its Adirondacks and Catskills, Pennsylvania its Poconos and Alleghenies. Below the Potomac River the Blue Ridge Mountains, with their Skyline Drive, sweep across western Virginia, merging with the Great Smokies along the Tennessee-North Carolina boundary. Here are found the loftiest peaks of the Appalachians: North Carolina's Mount Mitchell (in the nearby Black Mountains), at 6,684 feet, the highest elevation in the United States east of the Mississippi. Lying in a lower latitude than the New England ranges, the Smokies, despite their greater height, seldom rise above timber line. The surrounding country, however, is still primitive and offers exceptional opportunities for the best of outdoor life.

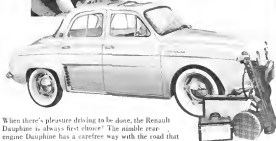
Large sections of these ranges lie within the borders of national forests or state parks, and their maintenance in a state of wild and profuse nature in the very heart of the world's greatest industrial region is a splendid example of intelligent conservation. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the whole area is the Appalachian Trail. This is a continuous footpath extending from the summit of Mount Katahdin in

Maine to the top of Mount Oglethorpe in Georgia. It traverses en route almost all the principal

mountain regions of the East. It is more than 2,000 miles in length.

This, then, in brief outline, is the array of peaks and ranges that awaits the American climber in his own immense backyard. Is his ability expert and his ambition great? The whole white

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wilderness of Alaska awaits him. Is it rock-climbing he seeks? There are the Tetons. Or snow and ice? There's Rainier. Or is it simply the freedom and peace of high places, far from the clamor of cities and men? There are uncountable thousands of such places in his country, from Mount Katahdin to Mount Whitney, from the rhododendron forests of the Smokies to snow-caps of the Cascades. Whatever it is, it is there in the mountains, waiting for him, and all he need do is make his selection according to his experience, abilities and opportunity.

What equipment will he require? For Alaska: practically all the accouterments of a full-scale arctic expedition. For rock-climbing: sturdy clothes, boots and sneakers, a rope and, for more difficult work, snap rings (Karabiner) and spikes (pitons) that he can hammer into crevices to aid him in his maneuvering. For snow and ice: all these, plus warmer clothes, ice ax, spike shoe irons (crampons) and dark glasses. For easy climbs: simply the usual things he would take along on an ordinary camping or hiking trip.

There are less tangible things, too, which he should have with him on his mountain. Knowledge of his craft, for one. Good companions, for another, for climbing alone is dangerous, even on the smallest and most docile-looking peak. Most important of all, he must have mature judgment.

Each year now, more Americans are visiting our national parks and national forests, venturing deep into the woods and high upon the hills. Most of them are by no means experts and would probably not know a piton from a crampon or a *cosoir* from a hanging glacier. But they do know what mountains can do to a man's spirit.

They know what it is like to stand on a bald knob in the sky, while the sun goes down and the pinprick lights twinkle on in the shadowed valley below. They know the struggle of heart and lung and limb on the long upward pull and the sharp sudden thrill of a summit gained at last. They know that the fabled ambrosia and nectar of the gods were really nothing more than a cheese sandwich and a canteen of spring water. They know what sleep can be, on pine needles by a campfire, in the purple night. And knowing these things they know the love of mountains, for their own sake, which at bottom is all that mountaineering has ever meant, or ever will mean. (END)

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HOTBOX

The Question:

Is it fair for the NCAA to bar the University of Washington crew from intercollegiate competition because of football recruiting violations?

PAUL F. MACKESLEY



Vice-President, NCAA
District One

Yes. The NCAA is an association of institutions, not individuals. A penalty is imposed on an institution. The innocent are sometimes affected, but that would happen to innocent members of any team guilty of violations since they would have to share a penalty imposed on it.

DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE



Marble Collegiate
Church, New York

It is unfortunate that a "simon-pure" sport such as rowing must pay the penalty for the abuses of a big-time sport like football. However, as unfair as it seems, the improper action of one sport is bound to make it difficult for rowing and other college sports.

U.S. SENATOR HENRY M. JACKSON



Everett, Washington

No. It's like all the members of a family being jailed for the wrongdoings of one. Decisions like this reflect on the administration of all amateur sports. In the courts, wrong decisions can be overturned. I hope amateur sports' highest tribunal will right this wrong.

CLARENCE E. HOVER



Biering Airplane Co.
Glendale, Missouri
engineer

No. The crew at the University of Washington produces no revenue and rarely gets athletic scholarships. At my alma mater, Oregon State, the crews even furnish their own transportation to and from meets. They're the only true amateurs on the campus.

CLAYTON W. CHAPMAN



Commander of the
Cornell crew

Cornell oarsmen are sincerely sorry the Huskies cannot compete in the IRA Regatta. They are innocent victims. It hurts our intercollegiate regatta, too. Oarsmen and other guillotine victims will undoubtedly demand proper control of athletics in the future.

HARRY WISNER



Detroit, Mich.
Sports commentator

I think it is wrong to penalize good-thinking and well-intentioned athletes for infractions in other sports. This is a tragedy. Some of these kids will never be able to say to their sons: "I rowed with the Huskies." They're taking a beating for what? I don't get it.

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JIM WACHTER



Captain of the Stanford University crew

A crew's success depends on whether they can push themselves harder and harder each day to their final goal. The NCAA has taken the ultimate goal away from Washington even though the Pacific Coast Conference exempted the sport from any penalty.

WILLIAM ZECKENDORF JR.



New York Real estate developer

No. It's unfair to the most amateur of all sports—crew. Now one of those kids will never row in intercollegiate competition. I'll go a step further. The NCAA program is unrealistic. It should allow realistic scholarships and realistic living allowances.

THOMAS F. GILBANE



Providence President, Gilbane Building Co.

No. The NCAA should apply the rules where they belong. It's highly unfair to penalize the entire sports program of a university due to violations in the football code. This has had a bad effect on the morale of the student bodies in the Pacific Coast Conference.

PATRICK H. HOY



Chicago President, Hotel Sherman Inc.

It's unfair in terms of the innocence of the crew members and because, historically, the Huskies have enjoyed an exceptionally fine record in this sport. I believe the football problem is entirely unique and should not reflect on the crew or any other unrelated sport.



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**19th
HOLE**

**THE
READERS
TAKE OVER**

TV BASEBALL (CONT.): PITTSBURGH

Sir:

Mr. Fred Wilson of Detroit (19TH HOLE, MAY 27) has started something—better than hot-stove discussions! He has nominated two of his own baseball announcers as president and vice-president of the Never Give the Sports Club, and you rejoiced that nominations are open. Here in Pittsburgh, the home, or rather the hiding place, of the Fighting Bucs, I proudly give you our two baseball announcers, men with sonorous, excitement-tinged voices, who can dramatically outling Harry (every play is a crisis) Wyner and Bill (Orson Welles) Stern, but unfortunately pride themselves on telling you yesterday's events with tomorrow's chances while today's game is in progress. Our No. 1 boy is chairman of the board of the "All opponent home runs are wind-blown flies" corporation and also president of "All opposition singles hit lucky pebbles or air porkeys" association. Our No. 2 man, who actually has a less aggravating voice, shares the crown with No. 1, as co-head of "We may know nuttin' about baseball but, boy, we're dramatic" club.

E. N. ARONSON, D.D.S.

Pittsburgh

TV BASEBALL: DETROIT REVISITED

Sir:

In reply to Fred Wilson's letter concerning the alleged deficiencies of Van Patrick and Mel Ott, the Detroit Tiger TV and radio announcers, I have been listening to the Tiger broadcasts for several years and have never been kept in the dark for more than five minutes as to "what's the score."

Both Mr. Ott and Mr. Patrick are intelligent observers of the game, and, to me, most important—they do not insert blatant commercialism into every play, such as "that drive hit the Wheaties sign on the left-field fence."

HARRY SALTZBURG

Toledo

TV BASEBALL: VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Sir:

I wonder if any of your readers noticed a remarkable broadcasting alertness on the part of Phil Rizzuto, the old Yankee short-stop now on TV, in the game between the Yankees and Kansas City at the Stadium on May 16. A broadcaster's job is to report what is going on in the field, explaining what is shown on the TV screen, but Rizzuto in this instance went there one better by describing a critical play before it happened, aided of course by his years of experience in baseball.

In the second inning of this game, Turley, the Yankee pitcher, started out by passing the first two men to face him, and Kellner, the next man up, naturally bunted to speed them on their way. The bunt went up in front of down, however, and the ball had hardly met the bat when Rizzuto excitedly called out, "Why, it's going to be a triple play!" And that is how the play developed. The ball went into an easy pop-up straight at the pitcher, Turley caught it

on the fly to make the first out, whirled and slammed it to McDougald at second base to catch the runner on his way back from third, and the short-stop shot it to first base, covered by Bobby Richardson, the second baseman, in time to catch the runner there who was returning from his trip to second base. The whole play was over in almost less time than it takes to describe it, but little Phil had foreseen it from the start. The first triple play in almost two years went into the books—one of the greatest and rarest plays in baseball.

THEODORE W. KNIGHT

New York

TV BASEBALL: DIZMANTICS

Srs:

Please add to your growing list of Dismanters (E & D, May 6; 19TH HOLE, May 20) one I picked up on the first Game of the Week telecast of this season. Dixie referred to Buddy Blattner's dwelling as his "homele." It took me a week to recover.

L. E. BRACKEN

Dillon, S.C.

DREAM RACE FOR SPRINTERS

Srs:

I would like to suggest a series of three dream races for sprinters. There aren't many big races for sprinters, so the competitors will be the cream of the crop. The ideal time for such a group of races would be in August, at a midwestern track, probably Washington Park.

Swoon's Son, Decathlon, the Claiborne filly and anything that Calumet has to offer will be stabled at Washington. Also, Hollywood Park will just have closed, so Mister Gus, Find and Bobby Brocato will all be heading for Chicago. And since the Carter Handicap will have already been run, Nance's Lad and Jet Action will be free to come. Boston Doge, now making a comeback, has no set schedule in New England, so he'll be able to make it. If some of these can't race, such able substitutes as Blewball and Decimal can be called in, while Sea O Erin and Dogoon will be on the grounds at Washington.

I think these races should be run under equal weights. And if the weights were about 118 or 126, there could be no excuses. The best distances are 6, 64, and 7 furlongs.

MIKE RESNICK

Highland Park, Ill.

● A start toward the imaginative dream races outlined by Mr. Resnick was made by Suffolk Downs's John Pappas, who offered to stage a match race between the two sensational sprinters Boston Doge and Decathlon for a winner-take-all purse of \$30,000 over six furlongs at 122 pounds. Boston Doge's owner has accepted, but Rollie Shepp, trainer of Decathlon, declared his horse not yet ready. But there is hope.—ED.

DERBY: ALL HEART

Srs:

Congratulations on your coverage of the Kentucky Derby. And thanks especially for being one of the few publications to give Iron Liege due credit. Regardless of what Gallant Man might have done if Shoemaker hadn't goofed, how can the

continued

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19th HOLE continued

sportswriters overlook the magnificent race run by Iron Liege? He's all heart.
GERALD A. KARLIN

Hays, Kans.

DERBY: PROPHET OF DOOM

Sirs:

Your clear "voulance" startles me. You succeeded in calling the turn on Iron Liege at 9,066 to 1 in the February 25, 1957 issue.

Even more amazing to me was Mr. F. E. White's prediction of Willie Shoemaker's skull in your May 6 Derby Preview Issue (see curious below).

HARRY G. PATTERSON

Pittsburgh



FASHION PLATER

He heads with nothing much to spare. But watch his speed diminish. He's taking time to comb his hair—In case of a photo finish.

—F. E. WHITE

KAG POET FOREMAN DERBY BLUNDER

MURRAY'S LAW: VOICE FROM THE BISTRO

Sirs:

James Murray's piece, *Fame Is for Winners* (Special Baseball Issue, April 15), is important only as an example of speciousness, sophistry and arrant nonsense (as your readers wrote in your April 29th issue), and entirely out of place in your excellent columns.

Having made a big error, you made another (by defensively) calling in "Murray's Law." Murray has established no law and has built only a highly prejudiced flimsy shell. To a writer, the hollowiness of his case is clearly indicated by its style.

There is no question but that the Hall of Fame needs new standards; the qualifications for election originally were too loose and elastic (something reminiscent of the baseball writers themselves), but Mr. Murray is disqualified from serving on any board to establish new standards.

And if you want to make something of it, pray proceed in my direction! I have cohorts deployed in saloons and bistros all over the continent.

H. H. DONASHTEN

White Plains, N.Y.

MURRAY'S LAW: THE AWAKENING

Sirs:

Like the citizen who failed to vote, then awakes to find the wrong candidate elected, I was appalled at the box score on Murray's Law (19th Hole, May 20).

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If you are still counting, add my vote to those in favor of Murray's Law.

Most of those opposed to the law seem to have the dubious distinction of not being Yankee fans. Poor things!

HENRIETTA DIAMOND

Milford, Texas

● An awakened citizenry has shifted the scoffer-believer ratio from 5:1 to 4:1. —ED.

A LITTLE NOTE

Sir,

Just a little note to tell you that one of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* most interested readers doesn't really like sports! But the magazine is so well put together with such beautiful photographs and illustrations—with such a tremendously varied line-up of events—that it is of interest even to me. In a way it is a travel magazine done in a highly literary style.

The juxtaposition of Aly Khan and Mickey Mantle, Forest Hills, the Bois de Boulogne, Madison Square Garden and Cortina d'Ampezzo is fascinating.

I have saved many of the wonderful photographs (including Toni Salber's)

JANE MERCIA

New York

CHICAGO: FOOTBALL OBJECTIONS

Sir,

We hope you have not given your readers the impression that the student body of the University of Chicago (E&D, May 29) favors the return of football. Such is not the case.

The campus is sharply divided on the football question, with at least as many, if not more, against football's return as for it. At the recent rally only about 200 football advocates were present. More than 3,000 students are enrolled at this university. These figures help to indicate the lack of student support for football.

The primary objections to football's return are based on two observations. First, too many educational institutions seem to consider football an enterprise for professionals, not a sport for college students. You are probably much better acquainted with this aspect than we. Second, the University of Chicago has alumni who can remember this school as a great football power and are financially able and apparently willing to return Chicago to its former position. Given these conditions, we feel the return of football would be incongruous with the educational goals of this university.

TOM NORRIS

Chicago

JOEY AND MIKE

Sir,

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED stated (SCOREBOARD, April 1) that Sid Flaherty is the manager of Joey Gamble, whom I have managed for the past nine years and will do so until he retires. I have moved my stable of fighters out here to San Francisco and intend to stay here. With all due respect to Sid Flaherty, he has nothing whatsoever to do with Joey Gamble or any of my other boys. I think you have a great magazine, enjoy reading it.

MIKE SCANLAN

San Francisco

● Mr. Scanlan is correct. —ED.

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LANCASTER 6, PENNA.



BUSY

I'm a rather busy guy on radio and TV these days—and a rabid sports fan. I read *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* cover to cover each week and find it keeps me up to date and informed on sports. That's why I say, "Thanks, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*."

Sid Flaherty

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SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Recently the "Old Party," the richest and most widely read storyteller of his time, made a sentimental journey to the ancient German university town of Heidelberg where more than 65 years ago he spent a pleasant two years in the study of philosophy and history. Maugham's arrival coincided with one of Heidelberg's social highlights, the benefit soccer match which pits the artists of Heidelberg's theater and opera against the reporters of the newspaper *Rhein-Neckar-Zeitung*. No greater honor could be bestowed on the distinguished visitor than to invite him to kick off the game. Before 2,200 dignitaries and students, Maugham positioned the ball, muttered, "This is the first time I've handled a soccer ball in 70 years," and with a fine kick and vigorous follow-through sent the ball downfield. Thus inspired, his fellow journalists gave the artistic types a 5-1 trouncing.



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